

MILITARY HISTORY

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WEIDER HISTORY GROUP, INC.

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MILITARY HISTORY

Vol. 26, No. 3 August/September 2009

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Subscription Information (800) 435-0715
Yearly Subscriptions in U.S.: \$39.95

Military History (ISSN 0889-7328) is published bimonthly by Weider History Group, 19300 Promenade Drive, Leesburg, VA 20176-6500. Periodical postage paid at Leesburg, Va., and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER, send address changes to: *Military History*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235.

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List Rental Inquiries: Kerry Fischette - ALC (609) 580-2875

Canada Publications Mail Agreement No. 41342519.

Canadian GST No. R1 23452781

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In Defense of Drake the Sea Dog



learning history have to say, "Gosh, maybe I can do that too!" People need to aspire to an ideal without being Pollyannaish about the life of the person.

Evan Dale Santos
ADELANTO, CALIF.

Bulletproof Ghost

[Re. "The Bulletproof Ghost," by John Motavalli, April/May:] One use of the Rolls-Royce armored vehicle not included in the article was the rescue of the crew of HMS *Tara*. On Nov. 5, 1915, U-35 torpedoed *Tara* in the Mediterranean. The German submarine then took the mainly Welsh crew in tow and left them at Port Suliman in Libya with Senussi Arabs, who were allies of Turkey, which in turn was allied with Germany.

The prisoners were held in very bad conditions, and several of them died in captivity. The Second Duke of Westminster, when his armored cars were no longer of use on the Western Front, took his vehicles to Egypt and used them to rescue the *Tara* survivors by sweeping across the desert and killing several of the Senussi holding the crew captive, unfortunately killing

several Senussi women and children in the process.

The rescued crew confirmed that most of the neglect they had suffered was due to lack of resources rather than brutality. They were rescued on March 17, 1916. The Rolls-Royce armored cars then went east to assist the attacks in Palestine.

Anthony James
LLANDRINDOD WELLS, WALES

Israeli Warning

In David Zabecki's excellent article "Is the IDF Invincible?" (February/March), he either did not know or left out that 30 minutes prior to the bomb exploding (which was in a milk can) at the Jerusalem's King David Hotel, a warning was phoned in to evacuate the hotel, which was British military headquarters. The British ignored the warning.

Jerald C. Newman
NORTH WOODMERE, N.Y.

David Zabecki responds: In an article of such broad scope as the one on the Israel Defense Forces, there were many interesting points that simply could not be fit in because of space restrictions. As Newman notes, it is a fairly well-established fact that the Irgun telephoned a warning to British headquarters some time before the blast occurred, and for whatever reason the warning was ignored. It is also an irrelevant fact that in no way transfers the blame for the deaths that resulted in that blast from the Irgun to the victims themselves. The commanders that ordered the bombing and the Irgun fighters that carried out the attack committed an act of murder to advance a political agenda, which is by definition a terrorist act.

Question of Loyalty

About the American ambulance driver who participat-

ed in the Spanish Civil War ["For Whom the Ambulance Rolls," by James Neugass, February/March]: The opening line is what I find so insidiously misleading: "[Neugass] joined thousands of other young Americans who traveled to Spain to help that nation's duly-elected Republican government confront a fascist rebellion."

I am amazed that this propaganda is still being touted as true after all these years. What the writer omits is that the so-called "duly elected Republican government" was supported—if not controlled—by the communist front, funded by the Soviet Union. Don't take my word for it: Read George Orwell's writings of his experiences with the so-called "Loyalists."

Orwell was immersed in the communist movement, which was then in the process of advancing on economically vulnerable nations like Spain and Germany to subvert them into communist-dominated states. Orwell confirmed that the Loyalists were supported by the Soviet Union.

German involvement in the Spanish Civil War evinced fascism's struggle against communism at home. This was Hitler's selling point for being elected chancellor. He used communism's insurgencies as proof that only he and his Nazi party

could save the Fatherland. The people were desperate and believed him. They regretted it later. Would communism have been any better for Spain?

Donald E. Casey
CHICAGO, ILL.

Remember Iwo

[Re. "Tarawa: Central Pacific," by Nick Cariello Hallowed Ground, November/December]: You did the story of Tarawa and the 2nd Marine Division with no mention of the Iwo Jima landing, which was far more devastating and much better

known by the American public than Tarawa, which took just 76 hours to secure. Iwo Jima took approximately 26 days to secure.

I was there: Company A, 1st Battalion, 23rd Regiment. I went in on the first wave of replacements, crossing Airfield 2, and fought the Japanese on Hill 382, called Radar Hill. It took a week to secure that hill alone.

Many men gave their lives for that rock. I was one of the lucky ones to get off. I have shrapnel in my right leg and am completely blind in my right eye, but otherwise, I'm in good condition.

The Marines who were on Iwo Jima would very much appreciate your magazine printing their story as you did the Tarawa story.

Jim S. Keller
APACHE JUNCTION, ARIZ.

The editor responds: Thank you for sharing your memories of Iwo Jima. Military History most recently referred to that battle in the September/October 2008 cover story, "Hit the Beach," by Colonel Joseph H. Alexander. However, each month in Hallowed Ground we recall a historic battle, giving an account of the fighting and describing the battleground as it appears today

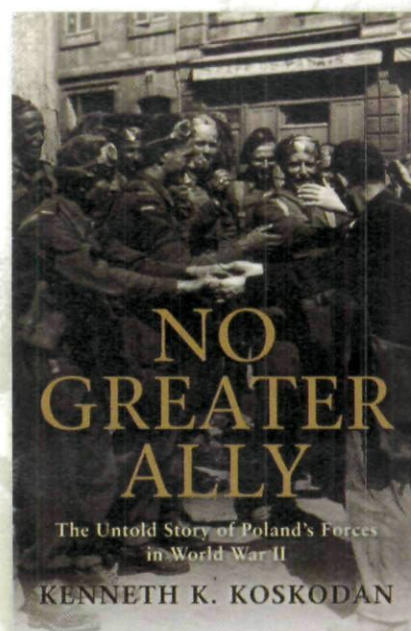
(see P. 76). Nick Cariello's account of Tarawa was a personal remembrance, from a Marine who also saw combat at Tulagi and Guadalcanal. An enemy hand grenade ended Cariello's war at Tarawa. Like you, he is grateful to have made it home and thankful for the sacrifice of his fellow Marines who did not.

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Japanese Engineer Survived Atomic Strike on Hiroshima—and Nagasaki

This spring the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki recognized Tsutomu Yamaguchi, 93, as a double-*hibakusha* ("explosion-affected person"), officially acknowledging his exposure to each of history's wartime atomic blasts.



Tsutomu Yamaguchi, right, and Akira Iwanaga, his onetime coworker at Mitsubishi Heavy Industries, survived the 1945 atomic bombings of both Hiroshima and Nagasaki, where they posed for this 2005 photo.

Just after 8:15 a.m. on Aug. 6, 1945, Yamaguchi, then a 29-year-old ship engineer with Mitsubishi Heavy Industries, was walking to the company shipyard in Hiroshima when *Little Boy*, the world's first strategic atomic bomb, detonated in midair less than 2 miles away. The blast knocked him unconscious, burst his left eardrum and burned his upper torso. Three days later, back home in Nagasaki, Yamaguchi was recounting his

story to a skeptical boss when *Fat Man*, the second strategic atomic bomb, exploded over that city, also less than 2 miles away. The shock wave knocked both men to the floor and tore off Yamaguchi's bandages. He was at home, recovering from his burns

and a high fever, when Emperor Hirohito announced Japan's surrender on August 15.

"I was neither sorry nor glad," Yamaguchi recently told *The (London) Times*. "I thought I was about to cross to the other side."

The engineer spent more than a decade recovering from his physical injuries. His wife and infant son escaped the Nagasaki explosion with minor wounds, but the family was plagued by poor health. His son died of cancer in 2005 at age 59.

Yamaguchi isn't the only person to have survived both blasts,

just the first formally recognized. Two of his former coworkers are among the other known double-*hibakusha*. Yamaguchi has understandably become a vocal proponent of nuclear disarmament.

"The reason that I hate the atomic bomb is because of what it does to the dignity of human beings," he explained to *The Times*. "Having been granted this miracle, it is my responsibility to pass on the truth."

Trust: *Enola Gay* Site 'Endangered'

The Wendover, Utah, hangar that housed *Enola Gay*, the B-29 that dropped *Little Boy* on Hiroshima on Aug. 6, 1945, is verging on collapse, says the National Trust for Historic Preservation [www.preservationnation.org]. The trust has added the site, part of Historic Wendover Air-



field [www.wendoverairbase.com], to its 2009 list of America's most endangered places. It will work with local partners to launch the restoration process.

Final Nimitz-Class Carrier Joins Navy

Northrop Grumman Newport News has delivered USS *George H.W. Bush* [www.northropgrumman.com/bush], the Navy's 10th and final Nimitz-class aircraft carrier. First entering service in 1975, the nuclear-powered supercarriers are the world's



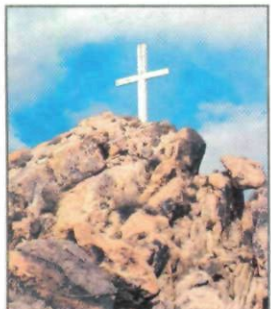
largest capital ships, totaling nearly 1 million tons in combined displacement. Northrop Grumman has already begun construction of USS *Gerald R. Ford*, the lead ship of a new supercarrier class, scheduled for delivery in 2015.

'There is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war'

—Miguel de Cervantes

Court Hears Mojave Memorial Cross Case

This fall the Supreme Court will decide the fate of an 8-foot cross in Mojave National Preserve—a memorial to World War I veterans that has stood in the desert for 75 years. In 2004, to address ACLU objections,



DAVID M. SCHRAEDER/ISTOCKPHOTO

Congress sought to transfer that acre to the Veterans of Foreign Wars [www.vfw.org] for the memorial, but an appeals court rejected the move as a “donut hole” fix. For now the cross remains shrouded in plywood.

Swiss Guard May Recruit Women

The Pontifical Swiss Guard [www.schweizergarde.org], which has served Vatican City under 50 popes, is mulling female recruits for the



MAX ROSSI/REUTERS

first time in its 503-year history. Known among tourists for their distinctive blue, orange and red uniforms, guards are by tradition single Catholic Swiss men who have completed basic training. The current commander pledges to build separate barracks should women join the force.

Team Pinpoints Site of San Jacinto Surrender

A Houston-based archaeological team has found the site of the April 21, 1836, Mexican surrender that ended the Texas Revolution. Moore Archaeological Consulting announced its findings at this spring's annual Battle of San Jacinto Symposium [www.friendsofsanjacinto.com].

In just 18 minutes of fighting, General Sam Houston's Texians routed a superior force under General Antonio López de Santa Anna, but the formal surrender site was lost to memory. With permission and \$70,000 in grants, Moore spent long months combing the grounds of a power plant



adjacent to the state historic site. There, beneath heavy brush, the team found a swath of telltale artifacts, including uniform buttons, bayonets, gun parts and clusters of unfired musket balls where Mexican troops had dropped them. Texas A&M University [<http://nautarch.tamu.edu/cmac>] is preserving the artifacts for display at the battleground.

WILLIAM H. HUBLEE, SURRENDER OF SANTA ANNA 1836 © STATE PRESERVATION BOARD (2009), AUSTIN, TX. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

'Texas has yet to learn submission to any oppression'

—Sam Houston

Britain Battles Salvor for Laconia Shipwreck

The British government has filed a sovereignty claim in U.S. court against Florida-based salvor Odyssey Marine Exploration [www.shipwreck.net] for RMS *Laconia*, a Cunard liner that was converted into an armed merchant cruiser during World War I. The German submarine *U-50* sank *Laconia* on Feb. 25, 1917, on its return from the United States.

In 2008 *Odyssey* (see P. 14) found the wreck 160 miles off the Irish coast and filed an admiralty claim for its cargo, which includes silver bars and coins worth an estimated \$5 million.

Laconia was operating as a merchant vessel when torpedoed, but Britain argues the ship was state-insured and thus remains the property of its taxpayers.



TOPICAL PRESS AGENCY/GETTY IMAGES

WAR RECORD

Dog days past have ushered in the fall of the Iron Curtain, the rise of an American ace and tactical use of the world's first atomic weapons, among other history-changing events.

- **Aug. 6, 1945:** U.S. Army Air Forces B-29 *Enola Gay* drops *Little Boy*, the world's first strategic atomic bomb, on Hiroshima, Japan. Three days later the B-29 *Bockscar* levels much of Nagasaki with *Fat Man*. More than 120,000 are killed outright by the blasts (see opposite).
- **Aug. 20, 1794:** At the Battle of Fallen Timbers (see P. 36), former Continental Army Maj. Gen. “Mad Anthony” Wayne leads nascent U.S. troops to victory against a confederacy of Indians led by Shawnee war chief Blue Jacket with backing from British officials in Canada.

- **Sept. 24, 1918:** U.S. Army Captain Eddie Rickenbacker of the 94th Aero Squadron downs two German planes over France, for which he is ultimately awarded the Medal of Honor (see P. 19).

- **Sept. 30, 1949:** The Berlin Airlift officially ends. During the 15-month relief mission, Allied pilots delivered more than 2.3 million tons of food and supplies to Soviet-blockaded West Berlin. U.S. pilot Gail Halvorsen (see June/July Interview) spearheaded Operation Little Vittles, dropping more than 21 tons of candy to children.

Researchers Detail Medical History, Untimely Death of John Paul Jones

When John Paul Jones, hero of the Revolution and “Father of the U.S. Navy,” died in Paris on July 18, 1792, he was alone and penniless. What’s more, he was just 45. The circumstances of his death were the subject of

Presenters included UMSM professor Dr. Matthew Weir and U.S. Naval Academy historian Lori Lyn Bogle.

Jones is best known for his 1779 victory over HMS *Serapis*, during which he famously answered a call to surrender,

Continental Navy in 1785. By then the unemployed captain was already suffering impaired vision and cyclical fever tied to his naval travels. “These fever-related illnesses could have been anything from malaria or dengue fever to bacteria or viruses,” explains Weir. “You name it—he had a lot going on as a young man.”

Regardless, Jones served briefly as a rear admiral in Russia’s imperial navy, then traveled to France in 1790 to seek a similar post. But the captain was in rapid decline, with yellowed skin, abdominal swelling, a hacking cough and labored breathing. He was buried in an expatriate cemetery, its location soon forgotten. In 1905 an American search team rediscovered the body (see photo), preserved in alcohol in a lead-lined coffin. The Paris School of Medicine performed an autopsy. Weir reviewed Jones’ medical history and the Parisian pathology report to reach his diagnosis: end-stage kidney failure due to viral or bacterial infection.

But Jones’ fame endures. Repatriated amid much pomp in 1905, his body is entombed at the U.S. Naval Academy Chapel [www.usna.edu/chaplain] in Annapolis, Md.



THE GRANGER COLLECTION, NEW YORK

When John Paul Jones died in 1792, a French commissary paid to have his body, above, immersed in alcohol and buried in a lead-lined coffin, preserving it for eventual repatriation to America.

this spring’s Historical Clinico-pathological Conference at the University of Maryland School of Medicine [<http://medschool.umaryland.edu>].

“I may sink, but I’ll be damned if I strike [my colors]!” Following the war, Congress gave him “the thanks of the United States,” then disbanded the

‘I would lay down my life for America, but I cannot trifle with my honor’

—John Paul Jones

DISPATCHES

Last ‘Bedford Boy’ D-Day Survivor Dies

On June 6, 1944, 34 men from small-town Bedford, Va., were among the 43,000 U.S. troops to land at Omaha Beach on the Normandy coast of France. Nineteen



ERIC BRADY/THE ROANOKE TIMES-ASSOCIATED PRESS

“Bedford Boys” were killed on that first day of the invasion—marking among the highest per-capita D-Day losses of any town in the nation. This spring Ray Nance, 94, the last of the survivors, died. Today the town that gave so much is the site of the National D-Day Memorial [www.dday.org].

Bainbridge Namesake Fought Barbary Wars

USS *Bainbridge* [www.bainbridge.navy.mil], the destroyer sent this spring to free an American cargo skipper from Somali pirates, is named for a naval hero of the



VINCENT J. STREET/U.S. NAVY

Barbary Wars. In 1803 USS *Philadelphia* under William Bainbridge laid siege to Tripoli, but the captain and his men were taken hostage when the ship ran aground. Later ransomed, Bainbridge returned to help defeat the Barbary pirates in 1815.

Gravity Calls for Motherland Statue

The Motherland Calls, Russia's massive memorial to the pivotal 1942–43 Battle of Stalingrad, is in danger of toppling. Upon its com-



DEMS DRYASHKIN/IZBOR

pletion in 1967, the 279-foot sword-wielding statue was the world's tallest. Its foundations have since subsided, and the 7,900-ton freestanding figure now leans 8 inches. Restoration would cost an estimated \$7 million. Stalingrad was history's bloodiest battle, tallying more than 2 million total casualties.

Yee-haw!? Nuh-uh, Says Rebel Museum

The Museum of the Confederacy [www.moc.org], in Richmond, Va., has issued recordings of Civil War veterans that refute the stereotypical "Rebel yell." *The Rebel Yell Lives!* audio CD

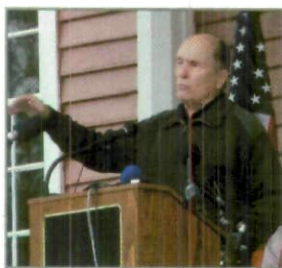


DOH TROIAN/WWW.HISTORICALIMAGEBANK.COM

features a 1934 MGM sound clip of Virginia veteran Sampson Simmons and a 1935 broadcast recording of North Carolina veteran Thomas Alexander. Each issues more of a high-pitched, houndlike series of yelps than an intelligible battle cry. Studio technicians multiplied the tracks to simulate massed troops.

Duvall Joins Battle of Wilderness vs. Wal-Mart

Actor Robert Duvall has joined more than 250 historians and two U.S. congressmen in opposing a proposed Wal-Mart Supercenter in Orange County, Va., within a half mile of the Wilderness Battlefield [www.nps.gov/frsp]. The May 1864 battle marked the



first time Ulysses S. Grant and Robert E. Lee faced each other in arms. Duvall is a descendant of Lee and portrayed the Confederate general in the 2003 film *Gods and Generals*.

The Civil War Preservation Trust [www.civilwar.org] named the Wilderness to its 2009 list of endangered battle-

fields. But Wal-Mart insists the proposed store location, on a commercially zoned section of busy Route 3, won't dimin-

COURTESY OF THE CIVIL WAR PRESERVATION TRUST

'[We] must endeavor to harass if we cannot destroy them'

—Robert E. Lee

Walter Reed Turns 100

Walter Reed Army Medical Center [www.wramc.amedd.army.mil] in Washington, D.C., celebrated its centennial this spring, even as it prepares to shut its doors and consolidate with the National Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Md. The new tri-service facility, scheduled to open in 2011, will be known as the Walter Reed National Military Medical Center. The budget for that facility has tripled to address recent concerns about conditions and care standards.

Walter Reed, named for a Virginia-born Army physician who discovered how yellow fever is transmitted, opened in 1909 with 80 beds. It now serves more than 150,000 active and retired personnel from all branches.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

WAR FOR SALE

Judging from the staggering sums paid for militaria at recent auctions, the world economic downturn won't last forever.

● **Tiger of Mysore:** When British forces sacked Indian warlord Tipu Sultan's capital in 1799, they lopped four gold, jewel-encrusted tiger heads from his throne. Bonhams [www.bonhams.com] sold one this spring for a princely \$603,000.

● **Gunning for Gatling:** Cowan's [www.cowanauctions.com] recently sold a rare prototype Gardner machine gun, which in the 1870s held its own against the vaunted Gatling gun in head-to-head firing tests. Price: \$149,500.

● **Rip the Wonder Dog:** A Dickin Medal for animal gallantry, awarded to a dog named Rip for rescuing Londoners from the ruins of the 1940–41 Blitz, fetched more than \$38,000 at Spink auction house [www.spink.com]. The sale price beat the prior record of \$36,000 for a Dickin Medal awarded to a ship's cat.

● **Fire in the 'ole!:** A 10-inch-high leather fire bucket used aboard HMS *Victory*, Horatio Nelson's flagship at the 1805 Battle of Trafalgar, made a \$7,900 splash at a recent Wallis and Wallis auction [www.wallisandwallis.co.uk]. The bucket bears the ship name and the letters GR, for George (III) Rex.

Odyssey's Greg Stemm: Salvaging History?

In February, Florida-based salvage firm Odyssey Marine Exploration [www.shipwreck.net] announced it had located the wreck of HMS Victory, a 100-gun Royal Navy ship of the line that sank in 1744 during a violent storm in the English Channel. The discovery sparked interest among historians and archaeologists—the vessel was the most advanced warship of her time and took to the bottom Admiral Sir John Balchen and 1,100 crewmen. Yet the possibility the wreck may also hold up to \$1 billion in gold and silver has renewed a long-simmering controversy over whether for-profit salvors should be allowed to exploit historically important commercial and military shipwrecks. Odyssey cofounder, chief executive officer and chairman Greg Stemm doesn't believe research and reward are necessarily mutually exclusive.

How many warships has Odyssey pinpointed?

We've had the privilege of discovering hundreds of shipwrecks from many countries and eras, and we've investigated dozens that were likely military vessels. Although we focus on high-value civilian targets, we encounter wrecks during our sonar and magnetometer surveys that we did not have in our database. Such wrecks occasionally include sites classified as either military vessels or victims of warfare.

We have found a World War I German U-boat, a number of World War II U-boats, a World War I British armed merchantman, one probable Spanish Civil War warship, possibly four military auxiliaries and as many as eight "cannon wrecks" from the age of sail, some of which might be

either armed merchant ships or naval vessels.

And, of course, HMS Victory, the mightiest and most technologically advanced vessel of the era. Her loss was a terrible blow to the English. Soon after she sank, theories surrounding her disappearance seemed to point to the fact she hit the rocks known as the Casquets due to faulty navigation. The navigational skills of Admiral Sir John Balchen were called into question, and a lighthouse keeper was court-martialed. Yet Odyssey

located Victory nearly 60 miles from where everyone believed she went down, thus helping to exonerate those blamed for her loss.

Where have you found the most wrecks?

The greatest concentration of military finds has been in the "Atlas" search area, generally around the British Isles and English Channel, where all but one of the U-boat wrecks were discovered. However, every area surveyed by the company has produced far more commercial or private wrecks than military ones.

'Every wreck site we explore, military or commercial, is treated with the utmost respect, as lives have been lost on most of these sites'

Do you approach warship wrecks differently?

Preliminary archaeological investigation of military wreck sites is limited to visual survey and, at times, measurement of site features to aid in identification. Typically no excavation, artifact retrieval or site interference occurs with confirmed military wrecks. However, if we can be reasonably certain of a site's identity, we will immediately notify the flag government. Every wreck site we explore, military or commercial, is treated with the utmost respect, as lives have been lost on most of these sites.

Do certain laws and treaties govern warship wrecks?

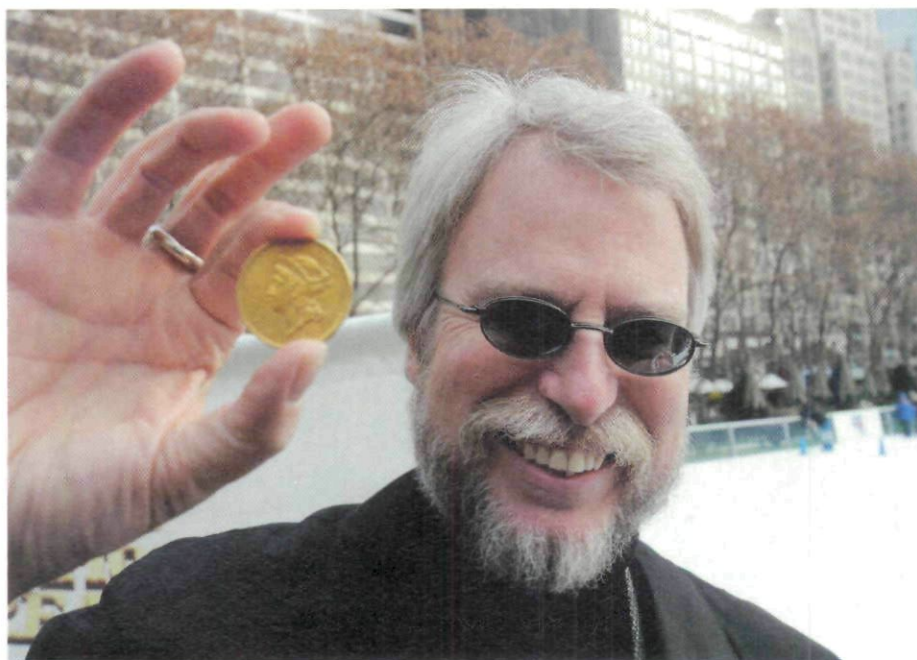
Generally, the Law of the Sea Convention indicates that military vessels remain the property of their respective governments. However, it is important to differentiate between military vessels, which under certain conditions enjoy sovereign immunity, and vessels or cargoes that do not.

The basic concept of sovereign immunity is that a government may refuse salvage on military vessels that were strictly on noncommercial missions. In theory, this protection only applies to the ship itself, not to the cargo, unless the cargo was government-owned. When a ship or its cargo is not sovereign immune, salvage law typically dictates the award.

Of the warships you've found, which is the most historically significant?

While every shipwreck we come across tells a story, some have changed the course of history.

One example is HMS Sussex, which sank in a 1694 storm off Gibraltar. This was not only a disaster for England and her allies in the War of the League of Augsburg, but possibly also a turning point of world history. Research suggests Sussex was laden with a considerable sum of coins and bullion intended to strengthen the commitment of the



BRAD BARNET/GETTY IMAGES

Odyssey's Greg Stemm, accomplished businessman and treasure hunter, captains one of the world's most successful—and controversial—deep-ocean salvage firms.

Duke of Savoy. Had the Anglo-Dutch fleet escaped the storm of February 1694, perhaps William III would have launched a battle in France at a time when Louis XIV's forces were disorganized. Some think a victory of the Grand Alliance in 1694 would eventually have led to greater British successes in the French and Indian War, allowing North America to remain a British colony well into modern times.

Warships throughout history have typically represented the most advanced use of marine architecture and technology. Aside from the information we learn about construction, all wrecks contain artifacts that give us insight into the lives of those who sailed aboard them, providing valuable information to historians, sociologists, economists and many other disciplines.

Critics claim your salvage efforts harm historic wrecks. Do they?

We are pioneers in deep-ocean shipwreck exploration. Before beginning recovery efforts, we fully document a site by creating a pre-disturbance photo-mosaic, which consists of thousands of

individual images stitched together. We operate according to archaeological procedures that are as minimally intrusive as possible, while recording as much of the site during excavations as we can. All of our expeditions and every step of our work are supervised by one or more of our marine archaeologists, who ensure proper archaeological procedures are followed. Every step of the process is photo and video documented.

How do you handle artifacts?

Each artifact is recorded, then transferred into a basket for safe storage and transport to the ship, where it is turned over to the onboard conservator and archaeological team for stabilization and conservation. We have recovered tens of thousands of valuable coins, unbroken bottles and other fragile artifacts.

What kinds of research do you do?

We have a team of marine researchers, historians and archivists who comb the world's libraries and archives researching potential shipwrecks. We use all available primary sources—private correspondence of participants; origi-

nal documents preserved in archives or published transcripts of those documents; newspaper reports; government investigations; business records; and all the other fundamental sources typically employed in maritime history. We search for, and review, as many secondary sources as possible, including the works of other historians, and often recheck those historians' citations from primary or secondary sources. [Our] research programs are very widespread and reach into the filing cabinets of private companies as well as museums, libraries and government collections.

How did Odyssey originate?

I have always been fascinated with the mysteries lying on the bottom of the sea. About 25 years ago, I met John Morris, who also had a passion for deep-ocean technology and marine archaeology. We bought our first research vessel in 1986 and began to explore some new deep-ocean technologies. We also formulated the concept for what Odyssey is today—a shipwreck-exploration company focused on conducting the best-practice archaeology with sound business practices.

What poses the greatest threat to historic shipwrecks?

Many wrecks are in danger when left in situ, especially those in heavily trafficked and fished areas.

For example, there is evidence of extreme natural deterioration on HMS *Victory*, due in part to the constant movement of sediments and currents, scouring, extensive fishing trawl net damage, and the intrusion of modern trash and debris. Currently, there is no legal protection for deep-water wrecks, and if left in situ, important sites will eventually be mostly destroyed. We hope to raise awareness on the danger these sites are facing, and we believe much important history will be lost forever if sites aren't excavated in a proper archaeological manner. **MH**

What We Learned...

from the Battle of Ball's Bluff

By Dana Shoaf

In mid-October 1861, Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan, commander of the Army of the Potomac, ordered a Union push toward Leesburg, Va., hoping perhaps to capture the town on the far left flank of Confederate forces facing Washington. On Oct. 19, McClellan ordered Brig. Gen. George A. McCall to move from Langley toward Leesburg, stopping at Dranesville. Colonel Nathan

appeared to be an isolated Reb camp, ripe for the picking.

Philbrick reported his finding to Stone, who ordered the 15th Massachusetts back across the river early on Oct. 21 to capture the camp. Thus began a tragic comedy of errors on the Union's part. For starters, the Rebel "camp" Philbrick had seen in the gloaming turned out to be a row of trees, not tents. After discovering their mistake, the 15th held position and engaged a Mississippi regiment of Evans' command.

Throughout the day, Union troops crossed the river piecemeal and slogged up the steep bluff as Evans brought ever more of his Rebels to bear against the invaders. By 3 p.m. they were engaged

in a full-scale fight, with Colonel Edward Baker, a recently commissioned U.S. senator from California, in command of Union forces. But after a marksman shot Baker dead, the Federal line collapsed, as troops rushed pell-mell over the bluff and back down to the riverbank. The Rebels poured fire into the masses huddled at water's edge, at those swimming for their lives and at the few lucky enough to find boats. Numbers tell the story: 1,720 Federals fought 1,709 Confederates. The Rebels suffered 155 casualties, while roughly 1,000 Union troops were killed, wounded or captured.



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The battle turned when a marksman killed Baker, at right, breaking the Union line and pushing it back down the bluff.

B. Evans, the Confederate commander at Leesburg, shifted his brigade to meet the threat.

McClellan, hoping Evans had retreated from Leesburg, sought confirmation. He ordered Brig. Gen. Charles P. Stone of the Corps of Observation, posted north of McCall on the Maryland side of the river, to make a "slight demonstration" and see what was up. Stone sent men across the Potomac at Edward's Ferry and Ball's Bluff. The ferry recon turned up nothing, but at Ball's Bluff, Captain Chase Philbrick of the 15th Massachusetts Infantry led a night patrol and spotted a row of enemy tents—what

Lessons:

■ Would you follow your Congressman to the gates of hell? Sen. Baker, playing a "colonel," was brave but incapable of commanding troops in battle.

■ Intelligence counts. Baker failed to gather information about the Confederate forces he faced.

■ Size doesn't matter. Though a relative hiccup of a battle, Ball's Bluff prompted establishment of a congressional joint committee to investigate the mess. The committee then stuck around to assess overall Federal conduct of the war. Its very existence diverted some commanders' attention from the front lines to the politics in Washington.

■ Know your logistics. "We are a little short of boats," General Stone opined. He got that right. The Union relied on a half dozen skiffs and flatboats to ferry hundreds of troops across the river. Given adequate transport, the Feds could have attacked en masse and might have overwhelmed the Rebels.

■ Be scared of heights. The 100-foot bluff should have given any officer pause, as it hampered troop deployment and made retreat even more difficult.

■ Learn from your mistakes. Incredibly, almost a year later, on Sept. 20, 1862, troops under McClellan's command crossed the river at Shepherdstown, W.Va., to ascend a steep bluff, until a Confederate counterattack sent them packing. Some referred to the skirmish as "another Ball's Bluff."

■ Heads will roll. McClellan and Stone blamed Baker for not adequately directing the fight, and they were correct. But West Pointer Stone was a Democrat in a Republican world, and the committee wasn't about to find fault with a dead martyr who was one of their own. Instead, Stone was imprisoned for six months under no formal charges. **MH**

America's Top WWI Ace

By David T. Zabecki



NATIONAL ARCHIVES; BACKGROUND: LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker
94th Aero Squadron
Medal of Honor
France
Sept. 25, 1918

World War I ace Edward Vernon Rickenbacker is one of the most highly decorated American airmen of all time. Captain Eddie, as he was known, earned an unprecedented eight Distinguished Service Crosses (DSCs) for aerial combat during a brief 140-day period near war's end. Multiple awards of America's second-highest combat decoration are exceptionally rare. Besides Rickenbacker, only four other Americans have received more than three DSCs. In November 1930, Rickenbacker's eighth DSC was upgraded to the Medal of Honor.

Rickenbacker was a self-taught engineer and well-known racecar driver in the years before America entered the war, competing in the Indianapolis 500 four times. Rickenbacker enlisted in 1917 and was among the first American soldiers to reach France. Serving briefly as General John J. Per-

shing's driver, Rickenbacker became an engineering officer at the flight-training center at Issoudun, where he learned to fly on his downtime. Qualifying as a pilot, he cajoled his way into an assignment with the 94th Aero Squadron, which he later commanded. He shot down his first enemy aircraft on April 29, 1918, and by May

28 he had shot down four more to achieve ace status. After scoring his last two air-to-air victories on Oct. 30, 1918, his total stood at 26, making him the top-scoring American ace of the war.

Aerial warfare was new in 1918, and the Medal of Honor and Distinguished Service Cross were essentially the only two American decorations for valor in World War I. Thus it is all too easy to conclude that Rickenbacker was awarded a DSC every time he went up and shot something down. In fact, his decorations were for actions involving only his first 10 kills. According to his DSC citations, he repeatedly initiated attacks against larger enemy formations and, while fighting outnumbered, won. On two occasions he was outnumbered 3-to-1; once 4-to-1; twice 5-to-1; and once 6-to-1. During the action on September 25, for which he would later be awarded the Medal of Honor, he took on a flight of seven German aircraft, downing two. That brought his total to 10. Over the next 35 days he shot down 16 more enemy aircraft, including two each on five different days, but he received no awards for those later kills.

Rickenbacker's military career ended in 1918, but he continued to lead a charmed and storied life. Shortly after the war he formed his own car manufacturing company, but while Rickenbackers were innovative cars, the company failed in 1927. During the 1930s he owned and operated the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. In 1938 he purchased Eastern Air Lines from General Motors, serving as CEO until 1959 and chairman until 1963. In 1973, at the age of 82, Rickenbacker died of a stroke in Zürich, Switzerland.

More than once the newspapers prematurely reported his death. In February 1941 Rickenbacker was traveling as a passenger on an Eastern DC-3 when it crashed on approach in Atlanta. Rescuers found him trapped in the wreckage and soaked in fuel. Though he had suffered critical injuries, he made a full recovery within months. During World War II Rickenbacker traveled widely as a civilian to support the war effort. On a trip to the Pacific in October 1942, the B-17 in which he was riding lost navigational function and hours later ran out of fuel and ditched at sea. The U.S. Army Air Forces had no idea where the bomber went down, and Rickenbacker and the crew survived on a raft for 24 days before rescuers picked them up near Samoa.

Rickenbacker's World War I uniform is among the exceptional aviation artifacts on display at the Smithsonian Institution's Steven F. Udvar-Hazy Center [www.nasm.si.edu/UdvarHazy] near Washington Dulles International Airport. Contrary to standard regulations, the uniform sports two separate DSC ribbon bars above the left breast pocket to accommodate his seven oak leaf clusters—representing his subsequent DSCs—along with his *Croix de guerre* and *Légion d'honneur* from France. **MH**

Tomahawk

This very American weapon is hardly a throwaway

Employed by American Indians from time immemorial, the original tomahawk—derived from the Algonquian verb *otomahuk* (“to knock down”)—comprised a stone head affixed to a straight wooden shaft. It was intended for use as a hand-to-hand or throwing weapon or as a tool. The head weighed between 9 and 20 ounces, with a cutting edge on one side and either a spike or round peen on the other, while the shaft was seldom longer than 2 feet. Europeans revolutionized the tomahawk by introducing iron, brass and steel heads, which the Indians acquired in trade. Europeans also introduced the pipe tomahawk, with a hollow shaft and a bowl in the poll. Indians embraced the revised weapon/peace pipe as a prized trade item or gift. It was also a powerful tool of diplomacy.

French and British frontiersmen, finding the tomahawk equally useful, produced versions for their own colonists and soldiers. A 20th century variant of the weapon was issued to American troops during the Vietnam War and remains in use today in Iraq and Afghanistan. **MH**



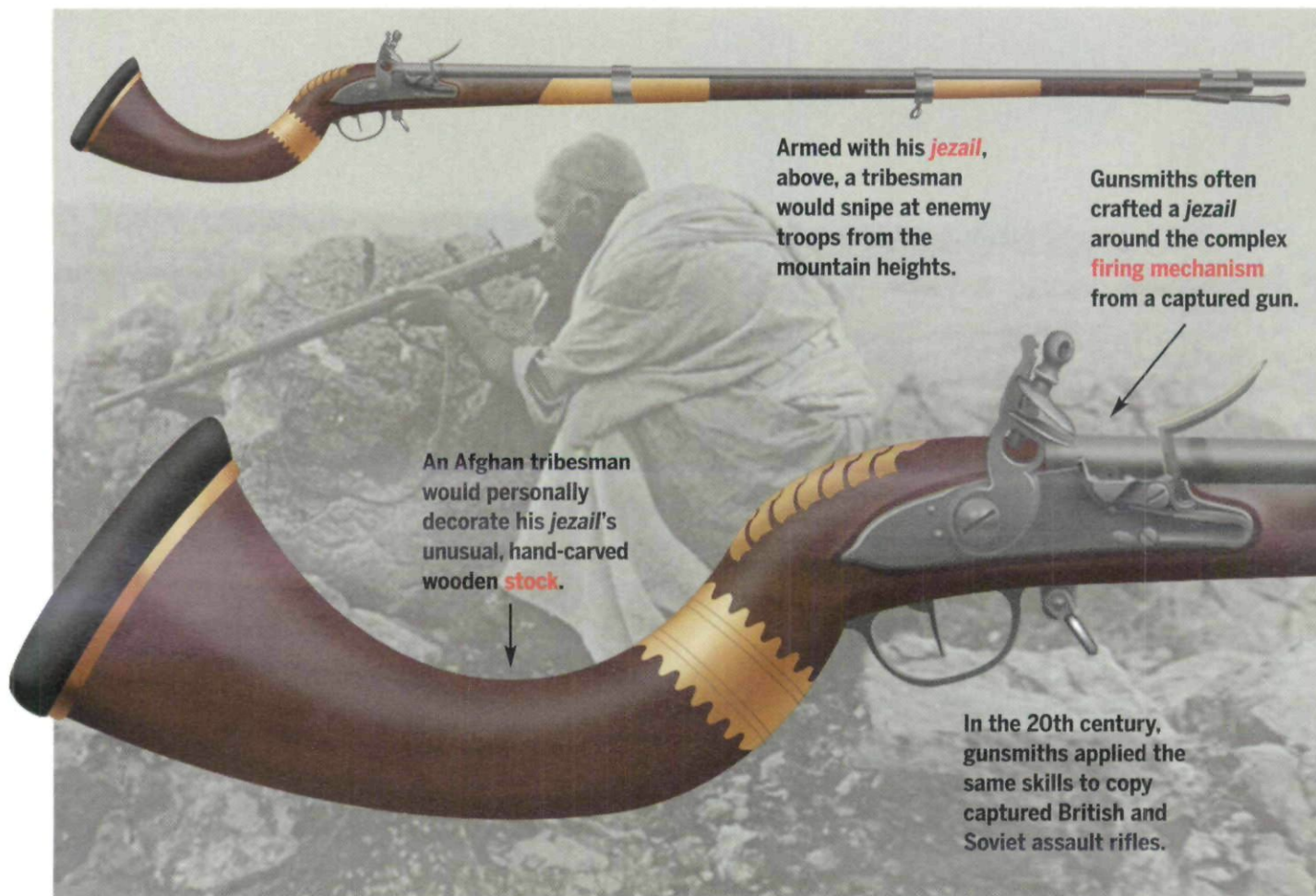
The 18th century pipe tomahawk served as weapon, frontier tool and diplomatic symbol.

The modern-day tactical tomahawk features a carbon steel blade and synthetic shaft.

The tomahawk comprised a stone head affixed to a hickory, ash or maple shaft.

Afghan Jezail

A makeshift musket that dealt death from above



*A scrimmage in a Border Station
A canter down some dark defile
Two thousand pounds of education
Drops to a ten-rupee jezail*

—Rudyard Kipling

When British soldiers ventured into the mountains of northwest India or Afghanistan in the 18th and 19th centuries, they often came under deadly ambush from hostile tribesmen armed with *jezails*—locally made mus-

kets that outranged their own weapons. In a culture in which *man* and *warrior* were synonymous, no male Afghan was complete without his *jezail*.

The combat version sported a larger bore than a hunting weapon, with a long, sometimes rifled barrel. To improve the accuracy and range of smoothbore versions, owners used ball ammunition matched as closely as possible to the bore. Gunsmiths adapted or simply took the complicated flintlock or percussion


action from captured enemy muskets, such as the British Brown Bess. Some speculate that when firing the *jezail*, a tribesman propped its curved wooden stock beneath his arm rather than against his shoulder, although the former would have put his eyes in proximity to the flash pan and made the gun difficult to aim.

Given the *jezail's* status in Afghan culture, each owner would elaborately emboss or otherwise decorate its stock. A camel's scrotum served as the powder pouch. **MH**

Supply and Speed

While it is something of a truism that “amateurs talk tactics, but professionals talk logistics”—a line attributed to various generals—it is a longstanding truth that armies cannot campaign successfully without adequate supplies. Soldiers require the human essentials of food, shelter and clothing, in addition to weapons, ammunition and, in the modern era, piles of hardware. That brings up the matter of transport—how to move all that gear reliably and rapidly over land and sea to where it is needed.

Logistics is, therefore, a requisite aspect of warfare, dating from at least the campaigns of Egypt's Thutmose III, who in 1471 BC successfully mounted a seaborne invasion of Lebanon with a task force of some 10,000 troops, 500 chariots and 1,000 horses—not to mention tons of fodder. While the discipline has never gotten the attention it deserves, all wise generals from Julius Caesar to Norman Schwarzkopf recognize its import. History is rife with the names of victorious generals, but who remembers the masters of logistics? Who outside the U.S. Army recognizes, for instance, the name Gus Pagonis? But those who do know him as Lt. Gen. William Pagonis are aware that he was, as one author wrote, “the logistical wizard behind the Allied success in Operation Desert Storm.” He was the guy who in 1991 got the tanks—and everything else—to the fight on time; in other words, he made it possible for Norman to do his Gulf War stormin’.

Among the few times in living memory a logistics operation attained popular fame was in late 1944, when the rapid Allied advance from Normandy across France outpaced its supply lines. With the French railway system largely inoperable due to Allied bombing, an ad hoc, around-the-clock transport operation known as the Red Ball Express employed thousands of ubiquitous “deuce-and-a-half” trucks to move more than 400,000 tons of supplies—including food, fuel and ammunition—in just three months. In fact, the impressive express inspired an eponymous 1952 film—a rare instance of logistics taking Hollywood by storm. 

INDOMITABLE AFGHANISTAN

Oft-called the “the Graveyard of Empires,” the wild region now known as Afghanistan has foiled would-be conquerors for millennia

By Stephen Tanner

In 1809 a diplomat named Mountstuart Elphinstone led Britain's first fact-finding mission to Afghanistan. In a land filled with strife and riven by independent factions, he met an elderly tribal leader and tried to convince him of the benefits of a firm central government. The leader's response? “We are content with discord, we are content with alarms, we are content with blood,” the Afghan replied. “But we will never be content with a master.”

Indeed, 200 years later his statement still holds true. Uniquely among the nations of Eurasia, Afghanistan has steadfastly resisted conquest, despite being a crossroads for ambitious empires throughout ancient and medieval times and a battleground in the modern age during the Great Game and the Cold War. For millennia Afghanistan has stood at the center of recurrent conflicts, yet has never been forced to “be content with a master.”

Why should this region remain uniquely unbowed? Among several factors making it a formidable military objective, the most obvious is terrain. The eastern part of Afghanistan is entirely mountainous, and the Hindu Kush range—with peaks above 20,000 feet—bisects the country. What is not mountainous is largely desert, restricting settled communities to a few fertile river valleys. Invasion routes are limited, and defenders can easily plug or threaten key passages through the mountains, such as the Panjshir Valley and the Khyber Pass.

The difficult terrain has abetted chronic division among the Afghans, who often remain isolated, if not xenophobic, within their respective valleys, tribes or clans. So while foreign conquerors have never succeeded in subduing the Afghan people, neither has any indigenous Afghan government. The Pashtun (or Pathan) people, Afghanistan's dominant ethnic group, are the world's largest remaining tribal-based society, and local rules or rivalries count for

more than edicts from Kabul. When Afghans do interact, it often takes the form of internecine warfare.

Winston Churchill, based as a young man in the North-West Frontier Province in 1897, wrote that “a continual state of feud and strife prevails throughout the land. Tribe wars with tribe. The people of one valley fight with those of the next. To the quarrels of communities are added the combats of individuals.... Every man's hand is against the other, and all against the stranger.” Churchill was struck by how the socially unsophisticated Pashtun fighters were nevertheless equipped with modern arms: “To the ferocity of the Zulu are added the craft of the Redskin and the marksmanship of the Boer,” he wrote. “At a thousand yards the traveler falls wounded by the well-aimed bullet of a breech-loading rifle. His assailant, approaching, hacks him to death with the ferocity of a South-Sea Islander.”

To say that Afghanistan has resisted conquest is not to say that it can't be overrun.

In fact, invaders nearly always find easy entry to the country, since the Afghan system—reins loosely held by the central government, and the disparate tribes and ethnic groups frequently at odds—does not lend itself to coordinated border defense. The core strength of Afghanistan exists in

Armed with handmade muskets called *jezails*, right, Afghans routinely defeated invading forces throughout the 19th century. Their weapons may have changed, but their determination hasn't.

THE ART ARCHIVE/CULVER PICTURES



the hills, not in the few easily accessible cities. Thus, a foreign army at first may experience a period of deceptive calm, encountering only curiosity from the locals, before the ancient Afghan warrior culture coalesces to resist the invader.

The list of foreign powers the Afghans have thwarted is long and impressive, stretching from the world's first superpower, the Persian Empire, to its latest, the United States. In between, failed would-be conquerors have included Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan, Victorian Great Britain and the Soviet Union—and many others. Some wrought more destruction than others, but none was ultimately successful.

Another step in understanding why Afghanistan has been such a tough nut for would-be conquerors to crack is to recognize that the country's modern political borders are entirely irrelevant. Drawn toward the end of the 19th century by outside powers, the lines on the map marking Afghanistan's boundaries simply have nothing to do with its true population or strength.

In 1893 Englishman Mortimer Durand was charged with drawing a border between Afghanistan and British India, a task he combined with bird-watching and hunting. His only specific instructions were to make sure such strategic points as the Khyber and Khotak passes and such important cities as Peshawar and Quetta fell on the Indian side of the border. This meant drawing a line through the heart of the Pashtun homeland, providing clarity for future atlas makers but confusing future military strategists slow to realize that a "true" border, such as would justifiably divide peoples, did not exist.

Before the creation of the Durand Line, Afghanistan included modern-day northwest Pakistan. Indeed, once the Pakistani state was established in 1947, its government quickly designated that border region as "tribal territories," to which its writ need not be extended. It dubbed the remainder of its Pashtun region the North-West Frontier Province.

There are many cases in which borders arbitrarily drawn by great powers without regard to the ethnic groups they encompass have resulted in continual strife. But nowhere has cartography been more deceptive than with Afghanistan, which is effectively much larger than it appears on a map—some 25 million more people on the Pakistani side of the border are ethnically, culturally and religiously "Afghan." Yet the Durand Line has kept this part of what might best be called "Pashtunistan" immune to those who wish to conquer Afghanistan.

Persia was the first civilized power known to have attempted to invade the Afghan region and apparently was the first to encounter troubles ensuing from its "conquest." Though details are sparse, we know that Cyrus the Great was forced to invade the region twice. He died there in 530 BC in combat with a Scythian tribe near the Jaxartes River (the modern Syr Darya), a fight Herodotus described as "the most violent of all battles ever fought by barbarians."

It was only with Alexander the Great's invasion in 328 BC that we begin to learn the details of ancient Afghanistan. Once the Persian Empire had succumbed to his army, Alexander might reasonably have been expected to consolidate his gains, while rewarding his troops from the vast spoils of Mesopotamia. But after he failed to catch Darius III, the Persian ruler, a relative named Bessus, governor of Bactria (northern Afghanistan), declared himself the new Persian king, prompting Alexander to keep his army marching east.

This rationale was presented to his troops—most of whom just wished to go home or at least rest—but most scholars agree Alexander was truly motivated by a desire to exceed the achievements of Cyrus, which meant reaching the Jaxartes and the Indus. The trouble was that the land of Afghanistan, then barely known to the Greeks, lay in between, with its forbidding terrain and climate.

After some difficult battles with Persian holdouts and Bactrian cavalry in the vicinity of today's Herat, Alexander moved south, where he found a stable, welcoming agricultural community in the Helmand River Valley (just as Cyrus had done). But then he decided to veer north across the Hindu Kush. The army ran into an unseasonable blast of winter that claimed many lives, crippling countless others with frostbite or snow blindness.

When Alexander's army finally straggled out of the Hindu Kush, Bessus and his Bactrian cavalry missed the chance to exploit its weakened condition and instead took flight across the Oxus River (today's Amu Darya). Alexander pursued him but failed to anticipate the 45 miles of desert that lay between the city of Balkh and the river. Without sufficient water, more of his men perished and others mistakenly gorged themselves once they reached water, causing "more casualties than Alexander had lost in any battle," according to the Roman historian Quintus Curtius Rufus. So far Alexander had merely crossed the territory of Afghanistan, suffering horrendous casualties from its climate and terrain alone. Next, he would pit himself against the fighters whose descendants would make that country's warrior culture infamous.

'Nowhere has cartography been more deceptive than with Afghanistan, which is effectively much larger than it appears on a map'

PERSIANS

History tells us that Cyrus the Great twice led his armies into what is now Afghanistan, and that he died there in what the Roman historian Herodotus called "the most violent of all battles ever fought by barbarians."



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ANG MAUES / PETER CONNOLLY

MACEDONIANS

Though he gained the hand of the famed Roxane, Alexander the Great won little else in his three-year sojourn in Afghanistan. His enemies' hit-and-run tactics largely denied him use of the phalanx-based tactics upon which he relied.

MONGOLS

Beginning in 1220, Genghis Khan's hordes laid waste to vast swaths of Afghanistan, wiping out entire cities. Yet the Mongols also suffered a stunning defeat at Parwan, beaten by fighters led by the Khwarezm prince Jalal ad-Din Mingburnu.



RASHID AL-DIN/PERSIAN SCHOOL/BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE, PARIS, FRANCE/THE BROGEMAN ART LIBRARY

A LITANY OF CONQUEST: AFGHANISTAN TO 1989

- **2000–1500 BC** Aryan tribes establish roots.
- **c. 530 BC** Persian king Cyrus the Great dies in combat near the Jaxartes (Syr Darya) River.
- **329 BC** Macedonian-born Alexander the Great conquers Persia and Afghanistan.
- **AD 50** Buddhism gains wider acceptance in the region with the ascent of the Kushan empire.
- **515** The "White Hun" king Mihirakula suppresses Buddhism, killing monks and destroying temples.
- **550** Indo-Sassanid Persian forces reassert control over the area but face restive Afghan tribes.
- **642–870** Arab invaders convert Afghans to Islam.
- **1220** Genghis Khan and his armies invade; Islam survives and eventually absorbs the Mongols.
- **1273** Marco Polo crosses northern Afghanistan on his journey from Italy to Kublai Khan's China.
- **1504** Babur, a founder of India's Moghul dynasty, takes control of Kabul and introduces Hinduism.
- **1750s** Ahmad Shah Durrani, a Pashtun, begins his rule, consolidating and enlarging Afghanistan while also governing much of India.
- **1836** The British, in collaboration with ex-king Shah Shuja, intervene in Afghanistan in response to growing Russian and Persian influence in the region.
- **1838–1842** First Anglo-Afghan war. British forces put Shah Shuja back in power, but while retreating later toward India lose a column to Pashtun rebels.
- **1878** Second British invasion of Afghan territory.
- **1879** Afghanistan and Britain sign the Treaty of Gandamak, giving key border areas to Britain.
- **1893–1895** Officials confirm the 1,600-mile Durand Line, dividing Afghanistan and British India.
- **1919** The Third Anglo-Afghan War ends with the Treaty of Rawalpindi, reaffirming Afghan independence.
- **1921** Afghanistan signs friendship treaties with the Soviet Union, Turkey, Italy and Persia.
- **1953** General Mohammed Daoud becomes prime minister and turns to the Soviet Union for economic and military aid after America declines to help.
- **1973** Daoud seizes power, abolishes the monarchy and proclaims himself president.
- **1978** Marxist Nur Mohammed Taraki takes power in a pro-Soviet coup led by Hafizullah Amin. Daoud and his family are assassinated.
- **1979–1989** Russians fight, and ultimately lose, war against U.S.-backed Afghan rebel forces.

SEAT OF WAR IN ASIA. MAP OF AFGHANISTAN

From Surveys made by British and Russian Officers
up to 1875.

Published in the Office of the Chief of Engineers
For the information of the Officers of the U.S. Army
Washington D.C. Nov. 1878.



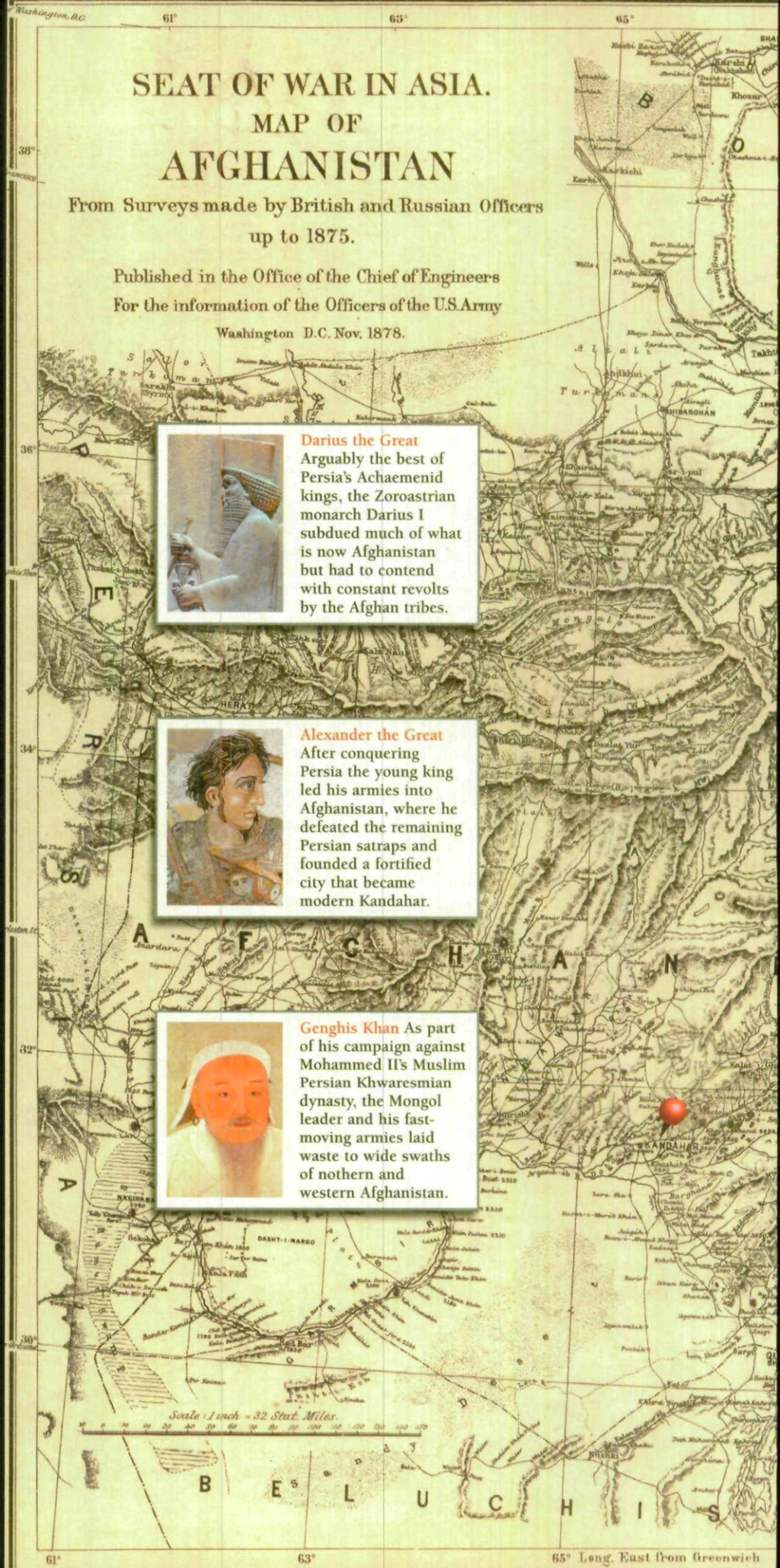
Darius the Great
Arguably the best of Persia's Achaemenid kings, the Zoroastrian monarch Darius I subdued much of what is now Afghanistan but had to contend with constant revolts by the Afghan tribes.



Alexander the Great
After conquering Persia the young king led his armies into Afghanistan, where he defeated the remaining Persian satraps and founded a fortified city that became modern Kandahar.



Genghis Khan As part of his campaign against Mohammed II's Muslim Persian Khwarezmian dynasty, the Mongol leader and his fast-moving armies laid waste to wide swaths of northern and western Afghanistan.





Timur (Tamerlane) The 14th century Turkic ruler sought to restore the Mongol empire of his ancestors and, in the process of invading northern India, battled Afghan tribes holding the all-important mountain passes.



Queen Victoria The diminutive monarch's 63-year reign coincided with the period known as the "Great Game," when Afghanistan became the focal point of intense Russian-British rivalry in Central Asia.



Babur An Uzbek descendant of both Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, Babur captured Kabul at the age of 21. He went on to conquer northern India and founded what became the Moghul Empire.



Mohammad Zahir Shah King of Afghanistan from 1933 until he was forced from the throne in a 1973 coup by his cousin, former Prime Minister Mohammed Daoud Khan, Zahir Shah lived in exile in Italy for 29 years.



Leonid Brezhnev A strong supporter of the communist-dominated Afghan government that came to power in 1978, Brezhnev made the fateful decision to send Russian troops into the prolonged war they ultimately lost.



Ahmad Shah Durrani Regarded by many as the founder of modern Afghanistan, Durrani was a leader of the Abdali tribes whose empire ultimately also included modern Pakistan and much of present-day Iran.



Afghanistan Today

The nation again became a battleground when U.S. and British troops invaded in October 2001. NATO and other international forces have since joined the fight against the Taliban and its allies. While scoring some notable tactical successes, the U.S.-led coalition has rediscovered a historical truth: The ancient land remains easy to invade but difficult to subdue.

Once Alexander crossed the Oxus, into a land then called Sogdiana (modern Uzbekistan and Tajikistan), his opponents handed over Bessus, hoping that would halt the relentless Macedonian advance. But Alexander was determined to reach the limits of Cyrus the Great's empire and claim it for himself. He proceeded to the Jaxartes, where he laid siege to Cyrus' fortress towns, now occupied by the Scythians.

By this time, a Persian general named Spitamenes had raised the entire region in revolt. The people of Balkh also revolted, and Spitamenes laid siege to the Sogdian capital, Samarkand. Up on the Jaxartes, Alexander fought fierce battles with the Scythians in their forts and on the steppe (in one of which he was wounded), while dispatching a 2,400-man force to deal with Spitamenes. Spitamenes' warriors surrounded this force near Samarkand and nearly wiped it out, with at least 2,000 dead. Alexander marched back south but could only sate his revenge by laying waste the local population. His Macedonian phalanx could defeat any Eastern force in a pitched battle if the enemy would only stand and fight, but the hit-and-run tactics of the elusive nomads were a knottier problem.

After an unhappy winter at Balkh, marked by drunkenness, nostalgia for home and a plot against Alexander's life, the Macedonians spread out in five columns in the spring of 328 BC. One of them caught Spitamenes and inflicted heavy casualties on his force, prompting his Scythian allies to hand over their leader's head in hopes that Alexander would finally quit the territory. This time the gruesome peace offering worked, and after some mopping-up operations in Sogdiana, as well as a political marriage to a Sogdian princess named Roxane, Alexander finally moved on to India, which he hoped would be the final barrier before he reached "Ocean," the end of the earth.

His campaign in Afghanistan had tied him down for three years, cost him more casualties than all his other campaigns combined and created such dissatisfaction in his army that after a brief campaign in India, his troops compelled him to turn back west. Alexander should have withdrawn the way he had come, however, as he subsequently lost most of his army in the deserts of modern Baluchistan and Iran, and he himself was wounded. He died in Babylon at age 32 before he could undertake another campaign.

Over the next thousand years, a succession of invaders entered what is now Afghanistan, from the south, west and, most important, the north, where turmoil on the steppes compelled multiple forced migrations in the face of ever-stronger mounted armies. Around 40 BC the last legacy of Alexander's campaign in the East, the Greco-Bactrian Kingdom,

fell to hordes of Scythian nomads. They, in turn, succumbed to a new people who emerged from the mountains and valleys of modern-day Afghanistan—a people the British called Pathan and which we now know as the Pashtun.

In the 7th century a new wave of invaders broke into Afghanistan from the west, brandishing not just swords but a book called the Koran. The latter's influence would soon spread throughout Afghanistan, whose fearsome warrior culture would be buttressed by fervent belief in the "one true God."

Toward the turn of the millennium, a group of Turkic warriors who had become fierce converts to Islam founded a kingdom in the Afghan city of Ghazni. In 998 a man named Mahmud took the throne and embarked on a campaign of conquest. He turned toward India, terrorizing and forcibly converting the population while plundering Buddhist and Hindu temples. The modern state of Pakistan, which split from India due to its adherence to Islam, stems from these Ghaznavid penetrations across the Indus River.

Barely a century passed before another indigenous Afghan kingdom, this one based at Ghor in the midst of the Hindu Kush, arose to sack the city of Ghazni. It, in turn, succumbed to the great power of Khwarezm, an empire centered on Samarkand above the Oxus. Under Shah Muhammad II, Khwarezm became the most powerful Islamic state in the world at the dawn of the 13th century, absorbing Afghanistan into its rapidly expanding empire.

"In the 7th century a new wave of invaders broke into Afghanistan from the west, brandishing not just swords but a book called the Koran"

All that changed in 1220, when Genghis Khan's Mongol army appeared on the banks of the Jaxartes. Tough, illiterate nomads from the far north-eastern steppe, the Mongols cared not a whit for Islam and viewed sedentary communities only as impediments to their power and opportunities for plunder. They would massacre entire urban populations as a tactic to cow enemies and as a strategy to depopulate conquered territories and thus prevent future uprisings.

After Khwarezm collapsed before the Mongol onslaught, Genghis targeted the cities of Balkh and Herat; both were besieged, their populations massacred. A Chinese pilgrim passing by the once magnificent city of Balkh later reported that he could hear only the sound of barking dogs. When a Mongol army crossed the Hindu Kush, the Khwarezm prince Jalal ad-Din Mingburnu called out native warriors, who met the Mongols at Parwan, north of today's Kabul. In a fierce two-day battle, the native Afghans withstood Mongol attacks and showered arrows from surrounding heights. The Mongol army broke and retreated and was largely massacred in the mountain passes. It was the Mongols' only defeat in some 80 years.

But Parwan was a Pyrrhic victory, as it brought Genghis Khan himself across the Hindu Kush. When he besieged the city of Bamyan, a favorite grandson fell to a defender's arrow, and Genghis massacred the city's inhabitants, even down to its cats and dogs. Jalal ad-Din made a run for it. Genghis pursued him across the mountains of eastern Afghanistan to the banks of the Indus River and destroyed his army there, although Jalal ad-Din himself fought to the last and then swam the river. Genghis let him go after witnessing his bravery in battle.

Genghis died shortly after his invasion of Afghanistan, and the land, for the most part, became part of the Chagatai Khanate, a province of the greater Mongol Empire. The following century, a warrior named Timur Lenk, or Tamerlane (1336–1405), rose to rule the Khanate and proceeded to wreak havoc from the Mediterranean to Moscow to Delhi, exceeding even the Great Khan in far-reaching destruction. Since Afghanistan lay at the center of Tamerlane's realm, it enjoyed a renaissance during this period, thanks largely to enslaved artisans.

During the Timurid period, and the Mughal period that followed, Afghans gained renown for their fighting ability. But it was around 1700 the Afghan warrior finally came into his own with the development of firearms, gunpowder having provided a solution to the long, terrifying reign of nomadic horsemen. With a gun in hand, the poor Afghan was a match for any invader, no matter how heavily armed or armored. In the power vacuum that existed after the decline of the steppe warrior, Afghan tribesmen alternately served as mercenaries for Persia and preyed on India, where their plundering expeditions were self-justified in part by flying the green banner of Islam.

Something akin to a modern state emerged in 1747 when an Afghan named Ahmad Shah Durrani formed a coalition of tribes and extended his writ north to the Oxus, west to Persian Khorasan and east almost to the Indus. By that time, however, history

had entered a new stage: Europeans had completed their Age of Discovery, and sea power, as well as firepower, changed the equation for the ancient peoples of Central Asia. Sea-lanes supplanted the Silk Road as the essential avenue of trade, so Afghanistan was no longer a “cross-roads of empire.” Sea power enabled the British to conquer the Indian subcontinent without an Englishman having to set foot on Afghan soil.

Ahmad Shah failed to provide his Afghan kingdom with capable successors, or indeed a government that depended on anything but plunder for its revenue. The Afghan people remained strangers to taxation and had no use for Kabul's authority. During this era, Mountstuart Elphinstone undertook the initial British probe into the country. He wrote: “The internal government of the tribes answers its end so well that the utmost disorders of the royal government never derange its operations, nor disturb the lives of the people. A number of organized and high-spirited republics are ready to defend their rugged country against a tyrant.” This libertarian bliss was short-lived for the Afghans, however, as Afghanistan's new status as a buffer state—as opposed to a cross-roads—became evident when the British began to fear Russian encroachment on their new prized possession, India.

In 1839 Britain formed and sent its Grand Army of the Indus to invade Afghanistan and thus deny the territory to Russian. It was a fairly easy, if unnecessary, invasion, with only one pitched

battle, at Ghazni. The British occupied Kandahar and Kabul with little inconvenience, aside from enduring the sullen stares of the inhabitants. But after two years of relative calm, resistance sprang up throughout the countryside, as rebels attacked British outposts and ambushed marching columns. Aside from normal resentment at being occupied by a foreign power, it was the first time in centuries Afghanistan had been overrun by infidels. Islamic militants gathered by the thousands to resist the invaders.



In a scene that would become all too familiar in the 21st century, aircraft—in this case British—bomb a tribal fortress outside Kabul. The Afghans considered the use of aircraft both barbaric and dishonorable.

MARY EVANS PICTURE LIBRARY

The British had supplanted a khan named Dost Mohammad and installed a compliant puppet ruler, Shuja Shah Durrani. But now the Dost's son, Akbar Khan, appeared from above the Hindu Kush at the head of 6,000 horsemen. The British force at Kandahar was forced to fight tribal rebellions on every side. In Kabul the garrison hunkered down in a cantonment just outside the city, as British political agents tried frantically to secure allies among the populace. It was not that the British concept of good governance was misplaced, or that they were incapable of bringing benefits to Afghanistan in terms of medicine, education, rule of law and guarantees of individual rights. Rather, the Afghans simply saw no need to reorganize their present system—and would not submit to a non-Muslim power.

Just before the storm broke, the British, in an ill-considered cost-cutting move, had reduced their bribes to tribesmen holding open the supply route through the Khyber Pass to India. Ghilzai Pashtuns immediately closed the pass, prompting the garrison in Kabul to dispatch a force to reopen it. The weakened Kabul garrison quickly came under vigorous attack. Now the British were split, neither unit able to come to the assistance of the other. In early January 1842, the army in Kabul—after enduring harrowing bloodshed and facing imminent starvation—negotiated with Akbar Khan for safe passage out of the country. A huge, unwieldy column of some 4,500 soldiers and 12,000 civilians (most of them Indian) trudged out in the midst of a cruel winter, but the Afghan tribes were waiting in ambush in the narrow passes. During a disastrous week of one-sided battles and repeated, ruthless massacres, the entire column was wiped out in the mountains. Only one wounded Briton, Dr. William Brydon, survived to bring word of the debacle to the fortress at Jalalabad.

Immediately after the destruction of the Kabul garrison, Akbar Khan found his vast tribal force slipping away, so when Britain dispatched a new column (dubbed the Army of Retribution) from India, it had little trouble

retaking Kabul. Once there it destroyed the famous Kabul bazaar and then vacated the country again. British prestige had been restored; however, the entire war had been a fiasco, and Dost Mohammad was even released from captivity to regain his throne.

In 1878 the British once again became apprehensive—without good cause—of Russian designs on Afghanistan and once more tried to strong-arm the weak govern-

ment in Kabul into compliance with its wishes. They planned an invasion, then called it off in exchange for a diplomatic presence in the capital to monitor events. But disgruntled Afghan soldiers massacred the British envoy and his escort, and the Brits resumed a full-fledged assault on the country. After taking Kabul with ease, the invaders learned again that Afghanistan's true strength lay in its countryside. Tribal fighters, summoned by mullahs, appeared in force.

This latest British army in Kabul, though surrounded, was able to inflict a devastating defeat on assaulting Afghans. This time the British weren't accompanied by the thousands of Indian camp followers that had so complicated the 1842 evacuation and, under Maj. Gen. Frederick Roberts, fielded a lean force armed with breech-loading Martini rifles. However, in the south at Maiwand, an Afghan army under Ayub Khan caught a British brigade on the plain and all but destroyed it. Roberts then marched more than 300 miles to Kandahar, where he thrashed the Afghan force.

This victory was less impressive than it might seem, as most of Ayub Khan's army, per usual Afghan tribal practice, had melted away after its initial victory, and Roberts was only able to punish the diehards and dullards who remained. In any case, the British once again evacuated Afghanistan.

The difference between the First Anglo-Afghan War and the second was that in 1878–80 the British no longer harbored ambitions to “build” the country or alter its age-old system—a purely punitive expedition, the second



Soldiers of the withdrawing Soviet army board a transport plane in Kabul on Feb. 13, 1989. Moscow's ultimately unsuccessful 10-year war in Afghanistan took some 14,000 Russian and 1 million Afghan lives.

REUTERS/YANNIS BEHRAKIS 18/CORB

war's only purpose was to ensure that czarist ambitions would halt at the Oxus/Amu Darya. The results were the same, however, as within their own territory the Afghans proved resistant to any form of outside control.

At the close of that conflict, Roberts delivered his view of Britain's future relations with Afghanistan: "We have nothing to fear from [it], and the best thing to do is to leave it as much as possible to itself. It may not be very flattering to our *amour-propre*, but I feel sure that I am right when I say that the less the Afghans see of us, the less they will dislike us."

A Third Anglo-Afghan War flared up in 1919 in the territory of modern-day Pakistan, as Afghans sought to exploit perceived British weakness after World War I to reclaim traditional Pashtun territory. This one ended soon after the British began using aircraft to bomb Kabul, a practice the Afghans considered barbaric.

Afghanistan was left to itself for much of the 20th century, until the December 1979 Soviet invasion to prop up a failing socialist revolution. At first the incursion went smoothly, and armed opposition was scarce. Gradually, however, the Soviets learned that the intelligentsia of Afghanistan's cities—a minority in a mainly illiterate country still clinging to ancient ways—did not represent the land's true nature. Like many predecessors, the Soviets realized that if the Afghans excelled at anything, it was warfare.

Calling themselves *mujahideen* ("strugglers"), the Afghan fighters—Pashtun, Tajiks, Uzbeks, Turkmen and Hazaras alike—acquired state-of-the-art weapons, aided first by Pakistan and China, then by other Islamic countries led by Saudi Arabia, and finally by the United States. The Soviets scoured the Afghan countryside, creating millions of casualties and refugees, but the Afghan resistance held on and grew. In tactical terms, a turning point came in 1986 when the U.S. began to provide shouldered-fired Stinger surface-to-air missiles to the Afghans, enabling them to down some 200 Soviet aircraft the follow-

ing year. The Soviets were unable to neutralize the mujahideen safe havens in Pakistan, where nearly all the resistance groups maintained their supply and base camps. In drawing his artificial line dividing the Pashtun people, Mortimer Durand had performed a beneficial service after all, as "Pashtunistan," not Afghanistan, became the Soviets' primary problem.

Despite Soviet advances in weaponry and some

success in counterinsurgency tactics, Afghanistan had become a military and political quagmire, and by the end of 1987 the Soviets, then led by Mikhail Gorbachev, had had enough. Following their withdrawal from Afghanistan on Feb. 15, 1989, the country devolved into civil war, as heavily armed fighters from all sides and ethnic groups vied for power in Kabul, again demonstrating their tradition of resisting rule from their own capital as much as from foreign invaders.

Afghanistan remains a unique case in history, for its tribal-based society, its myriad ethnic groups who share a sense of nationalism when challenged by an outside power, and for its prohibitive terrain. Its people have learned over the centuries to resist every kind of invasion—indeed, resistance appears to be in the nation's lifeblood. Mountstuart Elphinstone succinctly summed up Afghanistan's character some 200 years ago:

There is reason to fear that the societies into which the nation is divided possess within themselves a principle of repulsion and disunion too strong to be

overcome, except by such a force as, while it united the whole into one solid body, would crush and obliterate the features of every one of the parts. **(MH)**

For further reading, Stephen Tanner recommends his own *Afghanistan: A Military History from Alexander the Great to the War Against the Taliban*, as well as *Tournament of Shadows: The Great Game and the Race for Empire in Central Asia*, by Karl E. Meyer and Shareen Blair Brysac.



Members of the anti-Taliban Northern Alliance ride into Kabul atop a Russian-made T-62 tank on Nov. 13, 2001. Eight years later U.S., NATO and Afghan government forces remain engaged in a still-restive Afghanistan.

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FALLEN TIMBERS BROKEN ALLIANCE

When the new nation needed a soldier to fight Indians and build a standing army, it called on a man whose hard-charging style had earned him the nickname 'Mad Anthony'

By Thomas Fleming

George Washington rarely lost his temper, but when he did, the explosion was a spectacle witnesses never forgot. Among the most memorable detonations occurred on Dec. 9, 1791, when a messenger from Secretary of War Henry Knox arrived at the president's Philadelphia mansion while Washington was entertaining dinner guests.

The president's secretary, Tobias Lear, hurried into the dining room and whispered there was news from Maj. Gen. Arthur St. Clair, commander of the Western army. The previous day a newspaper had reported a rumor the army had been mauled in a clash with Indians. The president excused himself, rushed to a nearby parlor to glance at St. Clair's dispatch, then returned to the table and chatted agreeably with his guests until they departed.

Having seen the visitors out, Lear walked into the parlor to find the 59-year-old Washington in a rage, his face red and eyes wild.

"It's all over!" the president roared, his long arms flailing. "St. Clair's defeated—routed! The officers nearly all killed! [I told him when] I took leave of him,



STOCK MONTAGE/GETTY IMAGES; BACKGROUND: NORTH WIND PICTURE ARCHIVES/ALAMY



"Mad Anthony" Wayne
Born in Pennsylvania in 1745, Wayne raised and led a militia regiment at the outbreak of the American Revolution. He ended the war a successful major general, then turned to farming in Georgia. George Washington recalled him to arms in 1792.



CHARGE OF THE DRAGOONS AT FALLEN TIMBERS BY R.T. ZOOBAUM/ONHO HISTORICAL SOCIETY, HQ4593

'Beware of a surprise!' And yet, to suffer that army be cut to pieces, hacked, butchered, tomahawked, by a surprise—the very thing I guarded him against! The blood of the slain is upon him; the curse of widows and orphans; the curse of heaven!"

For another five minutes, Washington damned St. Clair, using words that appalled the genteel Lear. Breathing in rasps, Washington finally flung himself on a nearby sofa. When he spoke again, it was in a calm measured voice: "This must not go beyond this room. General St. Clair shall have justice. I will hear him without prejudice."

But Washington was already thinking beyond St. Clair, whose military career was over. The president had realized his defeat could be a blessing in a very unpleasant disguise.

Even before Washington's 1789 election, the fledgling United States had been fighting an Indian war in the vast region between

Leading his dragoons in a flanking maneuver early in the Fallen Timbers clash, Captain Robert MisCampbell is shot and killed by an Indian warrior.

the Atlantic Ocean and the Mississippi River. Though Britain had officially ceded this territory in the treaty that ended the War for Independence, British officials in Canada refused to evacuate forts in the wilderness now called the Midwest and then called the Northwest Territory. Furthermore, King George III's representatives instructed their agents and traders to encourage Indian attacks on American settlers swarming into the region.

The result of Britain's perfidy was a series of brutal frontier massacres in which Indian war parties slaughtered an estimated 1,500 American men, women and children. Settlers in Kentucky screamed for vengeance and attacked even those tribes trying to remain at peace. Washington sent

envoys to negotiate the amicable cession of some of the Indians' lands, but the Miamis, Shawnees and other warlike tribes evaded or violated the agreements.

To the president's intense frustration, the United States did not have a standing army to back his diplomacy with muscle. The reason was political: At the end of the Revolutionary War, soldiers of the Continental Army had threatened to march on Congress to extract money owed them. Though Washington had managed to talk his former troops out of such rash action, Congress came to abhor the idea of an army of regulars that might pose a threat to its authority and would require unpopular taxes to support.

Washington had proposed a token peacetime force of 3,000 men, but Congress icily ignored him. The politicians refused to recruit more than the lone regiment created in 1784. If more men were needed, the cynics said, the

government could hire militiamen by the day. This reliance on amateur soldiers must have infuriated Washington, who'd told Congress throughout the war that militias specialized in running for the rear at the very sight of British bayonets.

Events soon validated Washington's opinion. In 1790 America's one-regiment regular army, reinforced by some 1,000 militiamen, launched a punitive attack on a cluster of hostile Miami villages near present-day Fort Wayne, Indiana. About 100 Miamis ambushed the advance guard, and the panicked militiamen abandoned the regulars in headlong flight. The following day the Indians mauled a second American detachment. Survivors stumbled back to Fort Washington, near present-day Cincinnati, Ohio, demoralized and humiliated. Little Turtle, the Miami chieftain, became a hero in the eyes of Northwest Indians.

The setbacks persuaded Congress to authorize creation of a second regiment and the raising of 2,000 "levies" for six months' service. Though considered regulars, these soldiers were closer to militia. To command this force, Washington and Knox chose St. Clair, who had been a major general during the Revolution. But anti-army ideologues in Congress soon undermined the new commander by reducing the regulars' pay. Less than 10 percent of the men whose enlistments expired that year signed up again. When St. Clair reached Fort Washington, he found the First Regiment had dwindled to 299 men. Recruiting for the new Second Regiment also faltered, leaving the regulars 50 percent below their authorized strength. Saddled with his barely trained six-month levies, St. Clair was forced to call out 1,160 militiamen.

At dawn on Nov. 4, 1791, a 1,500-warrior force of Northwest Territory Indians under Little Turtle attacked St. Clair's unfortified campsite. Both militiamen and levies fled, and the attackers killed or wounded 64 officers and 807 enlisted men. In terms of

casualty rate, it was the worst defeat inflicted by Indians on an American army. St. Clair managed to escape on one of the few surviving horses.

The destruction of St. Clair's force enabled Washington to browbeat a chastened Congress into authorizing four regular regiments, with three-year enlistments, plus a squadron of cavalry. As a sop to anti-army politicians, Knox called the new force the Legion of the United States rather than the U.S. Army.

To lead the new Legion, Washington and Knox chose Pennsylvanian Anthony Wayne, a former Continental Army major general who had led the successful 1779 nighttime assault on the British fort at Stony Point, N.Y., and engineered a 1782 victory in Georgia over a much larger British army.

Wayne, whose hard-charging leadership style had earned him the nickname "Mad Anthony," was deep in debt from an ill-fated postwar venture as a Georgia rice grower and readily accepted Washington's offer. Told his army would be waiting for him in Pittsburgh, Wayne hastened there, only to find 40 morose recruits. Low pay and the prospect of facing the tomahawk-wielding "savages" who had slaughtered St. Clair's army did not attract the best and brightest. It took another 10 months for the nascent Legion to reach 1,200 men.

Wayne set about turning the illiterate farm boys and urban drifters into an army. They soon learned he was a professional soldier committed to unrelenting discipline. Within five weeks in the fall of 1792, he executed seven deserters. Anyone found asleep on duty or showing "an intention to desert" got 100 lashes. Those on parade in a soiled uniform got 20 lashes. Drunk and disorderly officers were cashiered with equal ruthlessness.

To brace his tyro soldiers for the shock of war, Wayne set up mock combat. He sent one contingent into the woods with orders to imitate Indians. The chosen men stripped off their shirts and painted their bodies and faces. Then the rest of the army



SOLDIERS, POLITICIANS, AND INDIAN CHIEFS



George Washington

Long determined to establish a standing American army despite widespread political opposition, the president knew that a professional and well-trained force would be vital in the ongoing Indian wars.



Arthur St. Clair

Scottish-born and notoriously headstrong, St. Clair had a total lack of regard for his enemy's abilities, a flaw that ultimately led to the worst defeat inflicted on an American army by Indian forces.



Little Turtle Among the finest Indian military commanders of the 18th century, Little Turtle was a master of both hit-and-run tactics and set-piece combat. He led the Indian force that overwhelmed St. Clair's corps on Nov. 4, 1791.



Henry Knox Chief of the Continental Army artillery during the Revolution, in 1785 Knox became the United States' first secretary of war. It was he who tapped St. Clair to command the ill-fated regiments.



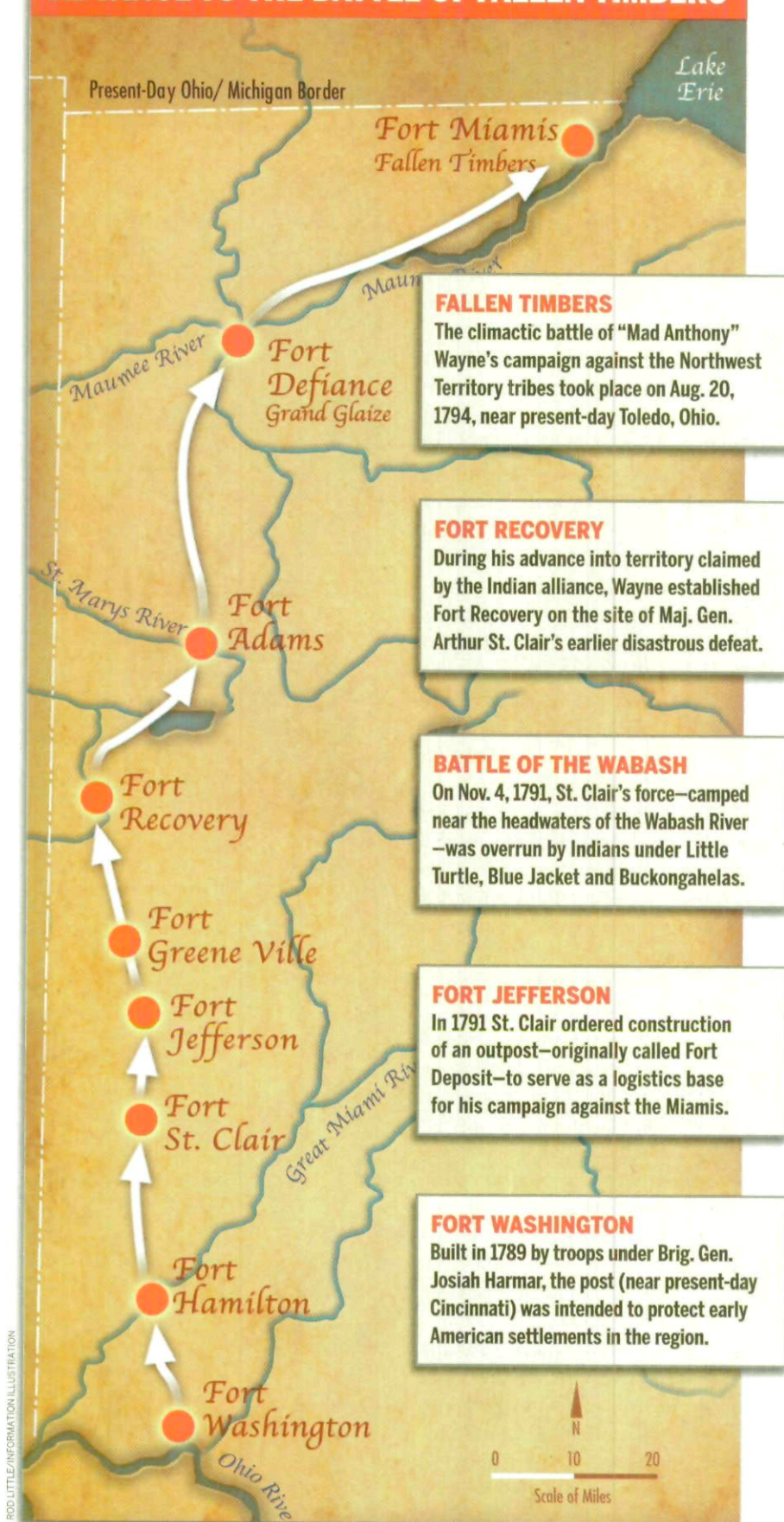
Lord Dorchester An experienced military leader, as Sir Guy Carleton he'd twice been governor of Quebec. In 1786, as governor in chief of British North America, he sought to contain the expansion of American influence.



John Graves Simcoe

Appointed the first lieutenant governor of Upper Canada in 1791, Simcoe was ordered by Lord Dorchester to arm and support the Indian tribes fighting American forces throughout the Northwest Territory.

ADVANCE TO THE BATTLE OF FALLEN TIMBERS



mounted an attack. The pseudo-Indians whooped and howled and fired blank cartridges as the attackers blasted back, roaring defiance. On the frontier, real Indians waited.

In the spring of 1793, Secretary of War Knox ordered Wayne to transport his men by boat to the disputed Northwest Territory. At Cincinnati, cheering crowds lined the banks of the Ohio River, greeting the soldiers as saviors. But the Indians, especially the warlike Miamis, were displeased with the proximity of Wayne's "legionnaires." They accused the government—still engaged in diplomatic efforts to defuse the frontier crisis—of speaking "with a double tongue."

Wayne asked the governor of Kentucky to call out 1,500 mounted militiamen. Responding militia commanders insisted they be allowed to act independently of Wayne's command. The request infuriated "Mad Anthony," who told them flatly they were in the pay of the United States and would obey his orders, or else. In an eloquent letter, Wayne warned them the Indian enemy was "a hydra," a widespread confederation hoping to cinch a chain "around the frontiers of America." The Kentuckians grudgingly agreed to obey the general.

Later that spring, news from Europe complicated matters: War had broken out between Great Britain and Revolutionary France. British officials in Canada in turn resolved to have Indian allies tie down any American forces that might invade the "14th colony" on France's behalf.

Thus prompted by the British, the Indians announced they would tolerate no Americans north of the Ohio River. American negotiators rejected the demand, given that several thousand Americans already lived on those lands under the provisions of prior treaties with individual tribes. Wayne, meanwhile, marched his army from Cincinnati 40 miles north to the American outpost at Fort Jefferson, then six miles farther into the wilderness Indians claimed was forever

theirs. His soldiers built a fort that enclosed 50 acres, with huts for the enlisted men and roomier quarters for the officers. Wayne named it Fort Greene Ville, after Maj. Gen. Nathanael Greene, his closest friend in the Continental Army.

That winter Wayne confronted a stickier problem. Brig. Gen. James Wilkinson, his second in command, had overseen Fort Jefferson and other outposts in the Northwest Territory. A born liar and intriguer who sought Wayne's job, Wilkinson was also on the payroll of the Spanish government, as "Agent 13," and was hoping to make a fortune by persuading Kentucky to declare independence, backed by Spanish gold.

Wilkinson planted newspaper stories portraying Wayne as corrupt, cruel, incompetent and stupid, but "Mad Anthony" chose not to confront the disloyal subordinate and his supporters. Instead, while assuring the Indians he was willing to parley, Wayne marched eight companies of men 20 miles north to the battlefield where St. Clair's army had been butchered in 1792—the ground still littered with bones of the unburied dead. After interring the remains with military honors in a mass grave, Wayne ordered his men to build another stronghold, which he named Fort Recovery. He found the cannon St. Clair had abandoned and the Indians had buried and installed the guns in the new redoubt—an added gesture of defiance Wayne made sure the watching Indians noticed.

The Indians conferred with Lord Dorchester, the governor of Canada, who as General Guy Carleton had ably defended the colony against the Americans' 1775 invasion. Dorchester told the Indians that war between Britain and America was likely to flare up again within a year, and if the red men remained loyal to their benevolent father, George III, the Americans would be scoured from every foot of ground west of the great mountains. To prove his sincerity, Dorchester ordered Lt. Gov. John Graves Simcoe to build a fort on the Maumee River,

16 miles south of Lake Erie and well within American territory. Simcoe had commanded a Loyalist unit, the Queen's Rangers, during the Revolution and nursed a lifelong hatred of George Washington. He garrisoned the new outpost with regulars and named it Fort Miamis, in honor of Little Turtle's tribe.

and sniped back for several hours, but it became apparent the fort was impregnable. The next day the attackers abandoned their siege.

The impact of failure on the fragile Indian confederacy was devastating. British agents had convinced more than 600 warriors from the Great Lakes tribes to join the attack, and its repulse



Built in 1793–1794 on the spot where Maj. Gen. Arthur St. Clair's force was overrun, Fort Recovery helped Wayne establish a permanent presence in "Indian country." A modern reconstruction of the fort, above, was built on the site in 1955–1956.

The emboldened Indians decided to strike first at Wayne's Fort Recovery. On June 30, 1794, Little Turtle led an estimated 1,700 warriors through the forest. One British officer called it the most formidable Indian army in history. Their assault began with a classic ambush, as the Indians caught a 360-horse pack train in the open and annihilated it, killing a third of the soldiers in its 100-man escort. Then, whirling bloody scalps, the screaming warriors charged the fort.

It marked the first test of Wayne's 18 months of training and discipline. Fort Recovery's 250-man garrison met the assault with punishing musketry, firing buckshot and ball through loopholes as cannon flung grape into the Indian ranks. The stunned warriors sought cover behind tree stumps

prompted those warriors to pull out of the alliance and go home. An exultant Wayne hailed the victory and informed Knox that upon arrival of the 1,500 Kentucky volunteers his army would advance on the main Miami villages.

On July 29, 1794, in blazing summer heat, the Legion began its march. Ignoring his cautious aides, Wayne often rode with the advance guard to prove his confidence in their ability to repel an ambush. Each day the army set up camp well before sundown and built fortifications against a surprise attack. On August 2, after an advance of about 40 miles, Wayne paused to build a fortified supply depot.

Around 3 p.m. the following day, Wayne retired to his tent to escape the burning sun. As he rested, a massive

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'Charge the damned rascals with the bayonet!'

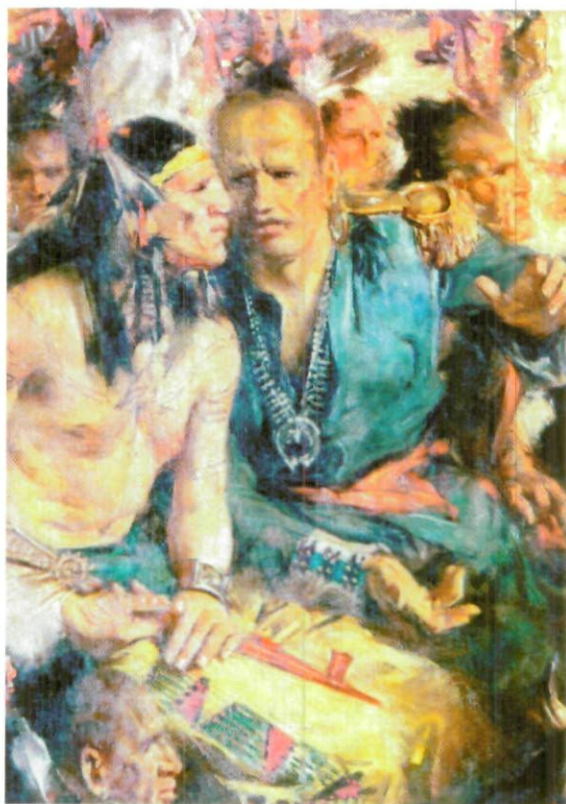
beech tree crashed down on the tent, smashing an empty cot beside Wayne and badly bruising the general. His aides suspected Wilkinson's allies of foul play, but Wayne dismissed the incident as an unfortunate accident.

Back east, a less overt threat to the Legion's existence was emerging. To finance the army, Secretary of the Treasury Alexander Hamilton had persuaded Congress to levy a tax on whiskey. But whiskey making was a main revenue source among many small farmers, and the excise had infuriated people in western Pennsylvania and elsewhere along the frontier. On July 15, 1794, a riot erupted in Pittsburgh. A mob burned the house and barn of John Neville, the federal tax collector for the district, and fought a pitched battle with responding soldiers. The rioters talked wildly of seceding from the United States, and several suggested seeking help from the British in Canada. Washington promptly condemned the rebellion and called out 13,000 militiamen to suppress it.

It became increasingly clear that the future of the United States might well depend on the success of Wayne's army. Resuming its march, the Legion built a passable road as it advanced. On August 8 it reached one of its objectives, the Miami settlement of Grand Glaize, comprising hundreds of cabins surrounded by fields of corn, beans and other crops.

To Wayne's surprise, the Indians had abandoned this prize without a fight. He called the settlement "the grand emporium of the hostile Indians of the West" and began building another fortification, dubbed Fort Defiance. In the meantime, his soldiers filled their knapsacks and wagons with fresh produce, trampling the rest and burning the cabins. They left a wasteland.

The Indian retreat signaled growing disarray in their ranks. In late July, Little Turtle had gone to Detroit to extract from the British a promise of military support—specifically infantry and artillery. All he got were vague promises. Upon hearing of



Weyapiersenwah, the Shawnee chief known to American foes as Blue Jacket, was one of the Indian alliance's best field commanders.

Wayne's razing of Grand Glaize, the British did dispatch two infantry companies to Fort Miamis but issued no orders to support the Indians in battle.

At a hastily convened Indian council, Little Turtle dismayed everyone by urging peace negotiations with Wayne. The war chiefs of the Shawnees, Ottawas and other tribes scornfully dismissed him. So Little Turtle turned over command of the army to Blue Jacket, a tall Shawnee known for his fancy clothes and hatred of white men. He had 1,300 warriors at his

disposal, plus 70 Canadian militiamen mustered by Simcoe.

On August 20, a day of rain showers and oppressive humidity, Wayne's army trudged up the Maumee Valley toward Fort Miamis, laboring across deep ravines and through thick woods. The Americans marched in three columns, with 150 Kentucky cavalry and a 74-man advance guard of select troops. Cavalry guarded both flanks and the rear. Wayne was in agony from an attack of gout, but he thrust the pain aside and rode at the head of the left column.

Ahead, muskets barked here and there, followed by a volley, as breathless messengers arrived to report contact with the Indians. Blue Jacket had chosen to fight in a tornado-ravaged section of the forest, where hundreds of felled trees wove a massive tangle. The site, a few miles south of present-day Toledo, was known among the Indians as Fallen Timbers. To Blue Jacket, it seemed an ideal battlefield, a position cavalry could not penetrate and infantry would find difficult to attack in a compact mass, wielding the much-feared bayonet.

The opening Indian volley killed the leaders of the advance guard, and the Americans fell back, firing as they retreated, not a few turning to run. Anticipating a harvest of scalps, Ottawas and Potawatomis in the center of the Indian line charged from the tangled timber. But they collided with the main body of Wayne's army amid tall grass and open forest, where American marksmanship came into play.

Wayne ordered the cavalry under Captain Robert MisCampbell to outflank the Indians. Taking only a single troop, he charged across a deep ravine into a cluster of Indians, one of whom sprang up and shot the captain in the chest, scattering the rest of the troop.

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Back with the infantry, Wayne formed two lines and brought his artillery to bear with grapeshot and canister. For a few minutes the battle seesawed wildly, as the Indians sought to outflank the Legion. Some of the hottest fighting fell to the vaunted company of Vermonters known as the Green Mountain Boys. They lost seven men but stood their ground, in turn killing several Wyandotte chiefs and the commander of the Canadian militia company.

"Charge the damned rascals with the bayonet!" Wayne roared, and his men sprang into action. On the right, under Wilkinson's command, the Indians took one look at the oncoming "long knives" and ran. On the left, the Canadian militia met the charge with "a most heavy fire." (It is in this section archaeologists have reaped a grisly harvest of spent musket and rifle balls and uniform buttons, attesting to the ferocious combat.)

A company of Kentucky militia then hit the enemy from the flank, breaking their line. As the Canadians and Indians fled across open ground, Wayne's Kentucky horsemen ruthlessly rode them down. Mounting a rock to rally his men, an Ottawa war chief toppled to the ground in mid-sentence, shot through the heart by one of Wayne's riflemen. Other war chiefs also fell; Little Turtle was carried from the field, streaming blood, and flung onto a horse bound for Fort Miamis.

The British bastion now became the Indians' last hope. They would find refuge there with their English brothers and perhaps fight the long knives another day. But when they reached the fort, they found the gates shut and British soldiers on the ramparts waving them away. The illusion that had fueled their defiance came crashing down, and the Indians fled north, a routed rabble.

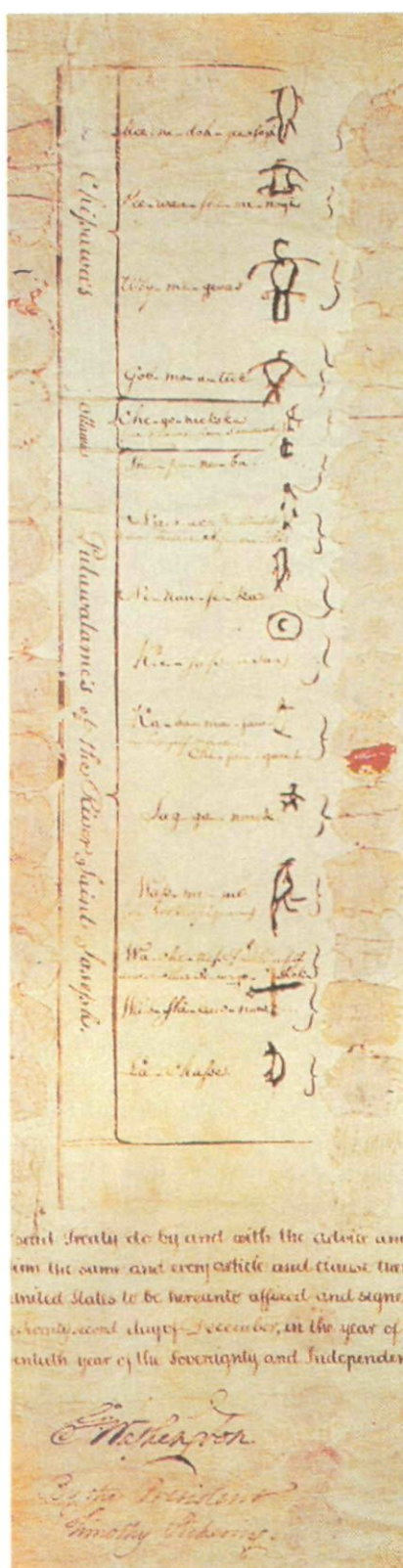
Within an hour, the Battle of Fallen Timbers was over. American casualties tallied 33 dead and about 100 wounded. Indian losses were thought to be about 40. Wilkinson, still trying to undermine Wayne, sneered that it was more

a skirmish than a battle. But the humiliating rout and collapse of the British-Indian alliance transcended numbers.

Two months after the battle, Washington's militia army marched into western Pennsylvania to stamp out the Whiskey Rebellion. Had Wayne's army failed at Fallen Timbers, the inflamed westerners might have assumed the feckless federal government could be defied with impunity, and the British might have been encouraged to ship the rebels guns and ammunition. Instead, the king's men watched glumly from Canada as cowed rebel leaders surrendered before the federal government's show of overwhelming force.

Back in Philadelphia, news of the victory at Fallen Timbers had triggered celebrations. The president urged Congress to congratulate the Legion and its commander. The surly Jeffersonians agreed to praise the Kentucky militiamen and their brigadier general but claimed it was inappropriate for the congress of a republic to recognize a regular army general. Washington made sure Wayne received his personal congratulations. The irked ideologues tried to dismantle the Legion, but the president had too much political momentum. He insisted on a bill to establish a regular army and eventually got one. Signing it was surely one of the most satisfying moments of his presidency.

At Fort Greene Ville, Wayne negotiated an August 1795 treaty with the Indians that opened all of Ohio and much of Indiana to American settlement. A few months later the British government agreed to evacuate all its forts on American territory, and within a decade there were more than 40,000 settlers in Ohio. As the frontier retreated farther west, it became increasingly clear Anthony Wayne's victory at Fallen Timbers represented a turning point in American history. **MH**



Incorporating symbols from nature in their marks, the defeated Indian signatories to the August 1795 Treaty of Greene Ville ceded to the United States most of present-day Ohio and parts of Illinois and Michigan.

For further reading, Thomas Fleming recommends: *Bayonets in the Wilderness: Anthony Wayne's Legion in the Old Northwest*, by Alan D. Gaff, and *Anthony Wayne: Soldier of the Early Republic*, by Paul David Nelson.

HEIST IN CHERBOURG

How Israel's cool-hand naval commandos stole five missile boats from a French shipyard—on Christmas Eve

By Gary Rashba

When France imposed an arms embargo on Israel on the eve of the June 1967 Six-Day War, it marked an end to the Franco-Israeli romance that had begun the prior decade. France had been Israel's primary source of arms since the mid-1950s, supplying the Jewish state with fighter and transport aircraft, tanks and other crucial war materiel. Following a December 1968 Israeli strike on aircraft at Beirut International Airport, in retaliation for a Palestinian terror attack, France tightened its embargo.

Among the most important weapon systems affected by the restrictions were the last five of a dozen Saar 3-class missile boats under construction at the Cherbourg naval shipyard in northwest France. The fast and agile vessels were the Israeli navy's first purpose-built vessels; until then it had made do with a motley fleet. The October 1967 sinking of the Israeli destroyer *INS Eilat* by an Egyptian missile boat only confirmed Israel's need for similar fast-attack craft.

By 1968 contractors had completed and delivered seven of the Cherbourg boats. But France prohibited release of the remaining five, even though Israel had already paid for them. With France reneging on the deal, Israeli forces hatched a plan to spirit the boats away from Cherbourg and sail them to Israel.

Thirty-year-old Israeli missile boat captain Lt. Cmdr. Chaim Shaked was among those chosen to pull off the heist and negotiate the tricky passage around France, through the Strait of Gibraltar and across the Mediterranean—a journey of 3,000 nautical miles on vessels in various stages of completion.

To legally circumvent the embargo, Israel orchestrated the sale of the boats to a front Norwegian shipping company.

Thus work on the boats continued at the Cherbourg shipyard under the supervision of Israelis masquerading as Norwegian sailors.

In preparation for the daring operation, the onsite Israelis established a routine of powering up the boats' engines at all times of the day and night and heading out on short sea trials.



They also stocked the boats with provisions, purchasing small amounts each time to avoid arousing suspicion. Meanwhile, Shaked, four other skippers and their crews—dozens of men in all—slipped into Cherbourg.

The Israelis executed their plan on Christmas Eve 1969. While Cherbourg indulged in holiday festivities, the Israeli crews—all navy men in civilian clothes—boarded the boats, started the engines and motored the five 150-foot warships away into winter seas. By then accustomed to the engine noise, townspeople paid scant attention to their departure.

When news of the boats' flight broke the day after Christmas, it made headlines worldwide. Realizing it had been duped, the French government professed anger and embarrassment; yet although its maritime surveillance aircraft located the boats and trailed them,

they did not interfere. The Israeli crews were having a difficult enough time. The boat *Shaked* commanded—later named *INS Herev* ("Sword")—had no navigation or communication equipment. *Shaked* had to closely follow his counterparts' boats, at times having only the lights of the boat before him to rely on. En route the unarmed boats managed two underway refuelings from ships from Israel's Zim shipping line and later altered course to avoid possible interception by Egyptian ships or aircraft.

After seven days at sea, all five arrived safely in Israel to widespread jubilation, though *Shaked's* wife apparently had mixed feelings on his return. "When I told her I was going to France," he recounted, "she gave me a list of perfumes to bring back for her. When I showed up with a boat and no perfume, she was not particularly happy!"

Shaked had earlier commanded the first of the Cherbourg boats to arrive in Israel and went on to lead a squadron of four missile boats. He later commanded the 24-vessel missile boat flotilla and retired as a rear admiral after a 30-year naval career.

Outfitted with 76mm guns and Israeli-made Gabriel sea-skimming missiles, all 12 Cherbourg boats served with distinction during the 1973 Yom Kippur War, during which Israeli missile boats racked up a 19–0 score against the Egyptian and Syrian navies, including the destruction of 10 enemy missile boats. The Israeli vessels also attacked enemy ports and coastal installations, proving the value of the audacious Cherbourg operation. **MH**

For further reading, Gary Rashba recommends: *The Boats of Cherbourg*, by Abraham Rabinovich.



Above, left to right: Cherbourg missile boats arrive in port at Haifa, Israel, on New Year's Eve 1969. The exhausted crewmen, left, had been at sea for a week, facing stormy winter seas and the possibility of interception in their unarmed boats. Below, the missile boats abreast in port.

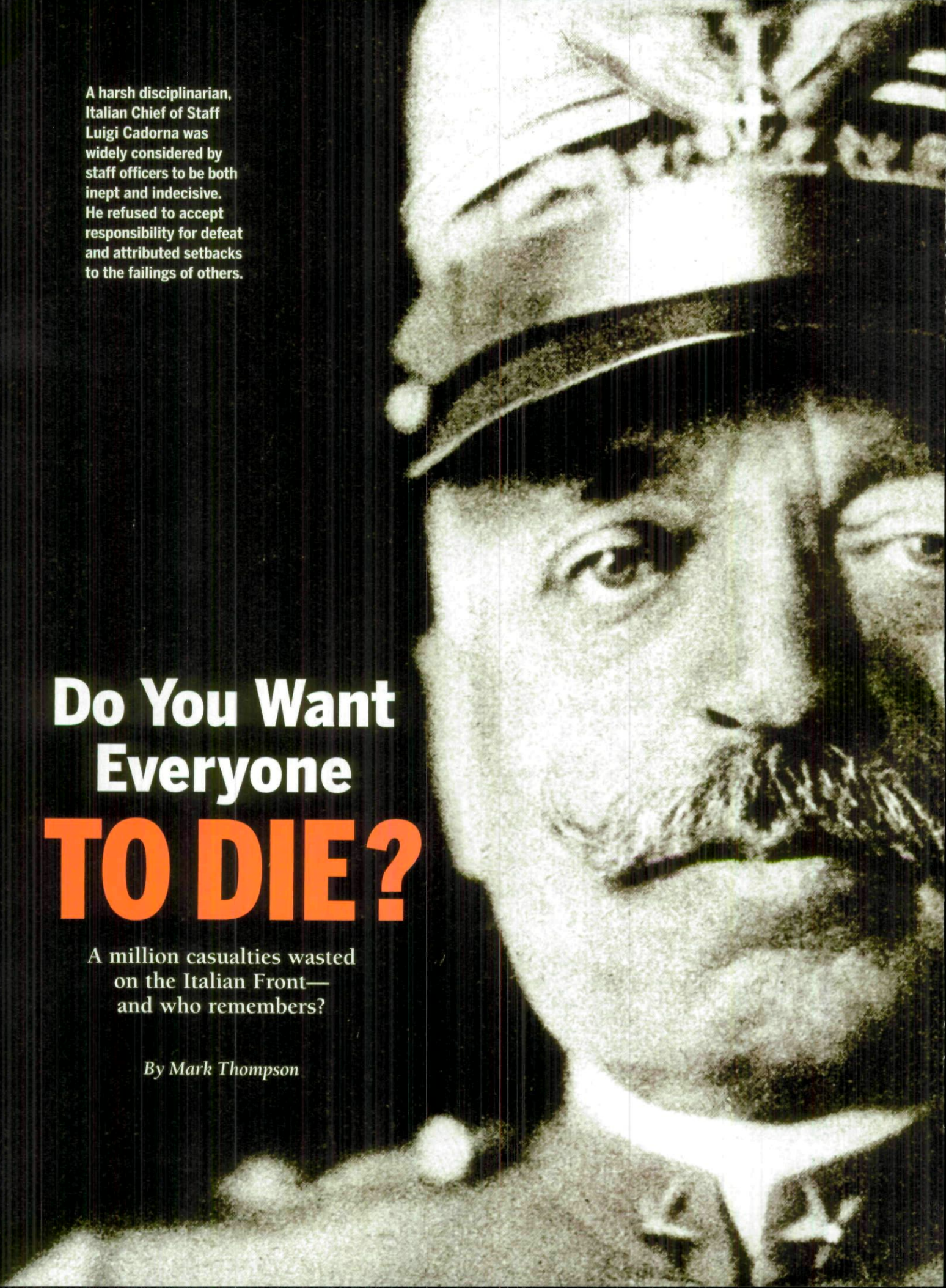


A harsh disciplinarian, Italian Chief of Staff Luigi Cadorna was widely considered by staff officers to be both inept and indecisive. He refused to accept responsibility for defeat and attributed setbacks to the failings of others.

Do You Want Everyone **TO DIE?**

A million casualties wasted
on the Italian Front—
and who remembers?

By Mark Thompson



It is a military axiom not to advance uphill against the enemy —Sun-tzu

Italy declared war on the Hapsburg Empire in May 1915, hoping to recapture the “lost” territories of Trieste and Tyrol. The resulting conflict in the rugged Dolomite mountains and the hills north of Trieste killed some 700,000 Italian and 350,000 Austro-Hungarian troops in some of the most bitter fighting of World War I. Unit rebellions on both sides met with harsh reprisals, and the chaos inflicted on the Italian army and society by the northern campaign helped spur the rise of Italian fascism.

The dozen Battles of the Isonzo were fought between June 1915 and November 1917 along the Isonzo River in modern-day Slovenia. The following account traces the third and fourth battles, waged from October to December 1915.



Italian army Chief of Staff General Luigi Cadorna was in no hurry to start a third offensive. Aware that his resources lagged behind the nation's ambitions, he needed more heavy artillery and munitions if his

breakthrough strategy was to succeed. He scraped together medium and heavy guns from far and near, including some naval batteries, and pushed the government to boost domestic production. Cadorna estimated that Italy's arms manufacturers would need the best part of a year to produce the quantity of heavy artillery he wanted. He had no doubts about the ultimate outcome and urged the government to prepare for a long haul to victory. He had to put up with a string of high-profile visitors from Rome, warning that the nation needed a resounding victory by the end of the year. If they could not have Trieste, what about Gorizia, the only other city in the “unredeemed lands” around the Adriatic? Other pressure came from the Allies. In October, when Britain and France wanted Italy to relieve the pressure on Serbia and the Western Front, the onus on Cadorna to attack became irresistible.

Senior officers drafted memoranda on tactics. These discussions centered on the reasons why Italy's offensives had failed. The theory of attack was clear; the preliminary bombardment had to be heavy enough to wreck the enemy's forward positions but not so long that reinforcements could be brought up to the attack zone. The “methodical advance,” introduced over the summer, was meant to deter the Austrians from building up their strength at strategic points. Diversionary assaults were timed to prevent the enemy transferring forces to block the main thrust. When the infantry attacked, artillery fire should be lengthened to strike the enemy rear, to block counterattacks from the second defensive line. The attacking infantry line should be spaced out, with the soldiers a meter apart, except where

they poured through breaches in the barbed wire made the night before by the wire-cutting teams and widened by the artillery. These teams comprised four or five men with a pair of cutters, some sacks, half a dozen hand grenades and metal cylinders packed with gelignite. The cylinders were about 2 meters in length, with a fuse poking out like a candle's wick. If they were thrust deep under the wire, they could blast a hole of 3 to 5 meters in the wire.

In practice, matters had gone very differently. The Italians could not knock out the enemy batteries if they did not know their locations; aerial reconnaissance was not yet developed, and even the observers perched at the top of church towers could not see over the brow of the Carso. Coordination between the attacking infantry and the supporting batteries was often poor, as was the communication between observers and gunners. The fire was not accurate enough to pinpoint the enemy reserves as they moved up to counterattack. Rigid fire tables prevented gunners from reacting flexibly to evolving situations. Shells were in short supply, and many guns had been damaged by overuse. At the end of August 1915, the Supreme Command set a daily ceiling on use of artillery. This helped preserve the guns at the cost of sparing the enemy. New approach roads were constructed, so heavy artillery could be brought closer to the front. Artillery fire was reduced when the infantry attacked, rather than switched off abruptly.

No reliable way had been found to breach barbed-wire entanglements. Heavy artillery could do it but could rarely be spared for this task. Even when the gelignite cylinders exploded (the fuses easily became damp and refused to ignite), gaps were so narrow they formed deadly bottlenecks when the Italians tried to crowd through—a gift to enemy machine gunners. Unless enough cylinders were used, the explosions failed to break the wire. Even then, the Austrians usually had time to patch over the gaps before dawn.

Even local successes had exposed crippling defects. When the Italians did manage to break into an enemy line, after heroic efforts, they seemed at a loss. Their resolve and coherence disintegrated with the first burst of gunfire, flurry of grenades or bayonet charge by counterattacking forces. The Austrians found they could stampede the Italians back to their own lines quite easily. Cadorna was oblivious to such omens about training and morale. On October 9, he suspended all leave except for convalescence, a crushing blow to soldiers who had been in the line since June.

Then there were the problems of defense. The Italians still lacked rock-drills and explosives to deepen the



trenches, so—like the Austrians—they piled up stones into parapets and piled sandbags on the stones. The Austrians could aim almost at will; as a rule, their observers high up on the hills had sight of the front lines and the rear. And Italian losses were increased by sheer carelessness, born of inexperience and also ideology. Many officers disdained to organize their defenses properly because they thought the Austrians did not deserve the compliment. Only tragic experience would expunge this prejudice.

In short, the Austrians were masters of the front. By day their lines were generally quiet, though sharpshooters were quick to fire on Italians who forgot to stay under their parapets. Their artillery was well back, out of Italian view. By night they kept up intermittent fire while their searchlights played over the Italian lines, interrupting the drilling, digging and provisioning. By October most sectors on the lower Isonzo front had three main lines, zigzagging in textbook style and linked by communication lines. These defenses were deep enough to absorb local breakthroughs, like an airbag in a car crash. During Italian bombardments, the first line was almost empty except for observers. The forward troops waited in deep dugouts behind the trenches, often 6 or 8 meters deep, swarming with vermin. As soon as the fire lengthened toward the communication lines, the infantry clambered ladders and poured out of these dugouts, quickly joined by units from the second line. They usually reached the front in time to repulse the Italians. Inured to hardship and ferocious discipline, they were skilled and savage at hand-to-hand fighting—the essence of counterattack—with bayonets, spiked clubs, daggers and knuckledusters.

Bulgaria came off the fence in September and joined the Central Powers. From mid-October 1915, assailed by Austria from the north and west and Bulgaria from the southeast, Serbia was fighting for its life. Meanwhile the Allied offensives in France were at a standstill. The Allies called on Italy to take some of the heat.

Cadorna believed he had enough artillery and shells for another attack. Trieste had mocked his efforts so far; it was inconceivable that an impressive breakthrough would be achieved in that direction by the end of the year. Gorizia was another matter. It was worth very little strategically, but it lay only one or two kilometers beyond the Italian lines. If he could outflank the city by taking Plava and Tolmein to the north and Mount San Michele to the south, the fanatical resistance of General Erwin Zeidler's Dalmatian and Hungarian forces in the bridgehead could, Cadorna supposed, soon be

‘The forward troops waited in deep dugouts behind the trenches, often 6 or 8 meters deep, swarming with vermin’

reduced. Gorizia and its 15,000 citizens would drop into his hand.

Under General Pietro Frugoni, the Second Army prepared to attack Tolmein and Plava, as well as the hills of Podgora and Sabotino. Meanwhile the Duke of Aosta's Third Army would attack Mount San Michele once again and try to drive forward elsewhere on the Carso plateau. Austrian intelligence, helped by talkative Italian deserters, was well informed about these plans.

The offensive started on October 18, a chilly autumn day, with more than 1,300 Italian guns shelling along a 50-kilometer front, from Mount Krn to the sea. The bombardment was more intense than anything the Austrians had seen on this front. Yet, as before, the brunt of it was fired by 75mm artillery, too light to harm trenches or wire. When the Italians moved out of their trenches on the 21st, they expected large gains.

The Austrians, however, were more than ready. Enough machine guns always survived to check the Italians—even when they advanced in armor of steel plates, as they did in some places. Very little was achieved on the northern Isonzo. The Italians had briefly recaptured the “Big Trench” on Mount Mrzli at the end of September, only to lose it to the usual ferocious counterattack. They hauled artillery onto Krn to pound the summit of Mrzli and its rear lines from the north, while the infantry drove up from the south and west. Assisted in this way, the Italians' Salerno Brigade took the Big Trench on October 21. Success was clinched with bayonets. Losses on both sides were very high. Hundreds of mud-plastered prisoners, including Bosnians with their sky-blue fezzes, were led down to the valley. The front lines were so close that working parties, collecting the dead or bringing up supplies, sometimes found themselves on the wrong side. At dawn on the 24th, the Italians made their first real grab for the elusive summit of Mrzli. They were driven back once, then twice. These failures were mitigated by advances elsewhere on the mountain, pushing the Austrians back toward the summit on either side of the Big Trench. But there was no breakthrough.

The Italians were nowhere near taking Tolmein. Hill 383, looming over Plava, remained impregnable. As for Gorizia, there were 30 assaults on Sabotino and Podgora, often in driving rain. The corps commander on this sector was General Luigi Capello, promoted from divisional commander on the Carso, where his ruthlessness justified the nickname he had earned [during the Italian colonial wars] in Libya: “the Butcher.” This reputation commended him to Cadorna, who disliked Capello as too political and, especially, too active as a Freemason. Their on-off partnership defined much of the Italian war for the next two years.

On the Carso, control of San Michele switched from one side to another amid savage fighting over three days. The Italians repeatedly overran the

Austrian front line but could not withstand the counterattack. Again and again, they charged at positions that turned out not to have been seriously damaged. Their assaults were stopped short by intact wire.

Between San Michele and Monfalcone, the Carso escarpment rises and falls without any clear summits. The name given to this limestone wilderness is *Monte Sei Busi*, which translates as Six Holes Mountain. (To someone walking over the surface, the name could as well be Sixty or Six Hundred Holes.) The Italian Siena Brigade's task in the Third Battle was to take the Austrians' long, well-fortified front line on Sei Busi. On October 23 the trench was taken after three days of bloody assaults, with all three of the Siena Brigade's battalions engaged. The rejoicing was short-lived; that night, the counterattack drove the Italians back to their jump-off position. As usual, they had no time to prepare their defense. The next morning, the Austrians called for an hour's ceasefire to tend the wounded and collect the dead. Soon afterward the Siena Brigade was replaced with a regiment of Bersaglieri and the Sassari Brigade. Together, these fresh forces retook the trench early in November, and kept it. Yet another massive effort had yielded a "success" scarcely visible on the map.

Bad weather lasted throughout the battle, intensifying at the end of the month. By early November the trenches were quagmires of filth, the roads almost impassable. The first snowfalls forced the fighting to stop.

The last days of the battle, November 3 and 4, were extremely violent. Brigade diaries reported fears that some units might crack and desert en masse. The attacks on San Michele were weakening under the internal pressures of exhaustion and hopelessness. The Italians had sustained 67,000 losses along the front. On San Michele, the Catanzaro Brigade alone lost almost 2,800 men and 70 officers between October 17 and 26, nearly half of each category. The Caltanisetta Brigade, deployed alongside the Catanzaro, took even heavier casualties, losing



Italian troops, top, assemble to move forward and engage advancing Austro-Hungarian forces early in the war. Above, casualties on either side were appalling during the dozen pitched battles fought along the Isonzo River from 1915 to 1917.

two-thirds of its men and 63 percent of its officers between October 22 and November 3. South of Monfalcone, the Italian 16th Division carried out a frontal attack on Hill 121, the nearest point to Trieste that Cadorna's army had yet reached. This failed attack alone cost 4,000 Italian casualties. The battle's only gains were trivial: some ground along the river, south of Plava, and two hills to the west of Pod-

gora, bringing the Italians a hundred meters closer to Gorizia.

The extra artillery and tinkering with infantry tactics had made no decisive difference. One reason was the Italians' rigorous centralization of command and control. Given the poor communications on the battlefield, this made bad decisions inevitable. An episode involving the Lazio Brigade, recovered by the historian

THIRD AND FOURTH BATTLES OF THE ISONZO, OCT. 18–DEC. 2, 1915

The early battles of the Isonzo set the tone for the broader campaign. Italian Chief of Staff General Luigi Cadorna knew that for his breakthrough offensive to work, the Italian army must first drive Austro-Hungarian defenders from the river and surrounding high ground. His strategy called for heavy artillery bombardment followed by a rapid infantry thrust in strength. The two-week opening battle saw moderate Italian gains in the northern sector and near Monfalcone on the Adriatic, but Cadorna lacked sufficient artillery to mount effective pre-assault bombardments. Enemy reinforcements ultimately repelled the offensive. Two weeks later, in mid-July, Cadorna tried lobbing more shells at the Austro-Hungarians in support of his own reinforcements, but the Italians ground to a halt in the face of extensive barbed wire and determined defenders. Both sides ultimately ran out of ammunition. After a 10-week reprieve to replace casualties and beef up his artillery, Cadorna put into action the “methodical advance,” sending out wire-cutting teams at night to snip and blast gaps in the barbed wire, then closely choreographing the artillery fire and infantry advance. But the Austrians in particular had mastered trench warfare—repairing the wire before dawn, waiting out the bombardment below ground and then raining withering fire on the Italians as they funneled into the breaches. Cadorna made little headway yet lost more men during the third battle than in the first two combined. The fourth clash was largely a hopeless repeat of the third. Winter brought troops on either side merciful respite.

○ UDINE

UDINE

Cadorna based the Italian High Command here, 40 kilometers from the Isonzo. This detachment from the realities of trench warfare helps explain his stubborn insistence on the outmoded frontal assault.

Mount Mrzli
“Big Trench”
TOLMEIN

Isonzo River

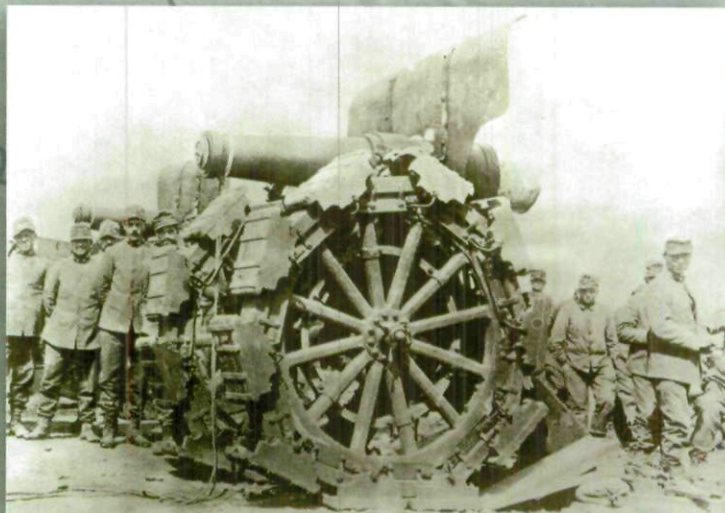
Frugoni's Second Army

Italian
Frontier
1915

MOUNT MRZLI
The Italians shelled this vantage over Tolmein from neighboring Mount Krn, driving the Austrians from the Big Trench in October. But the summit remained in enemy hands. There would be no breakthrough here.

Hill 383
PLAVA

PLAVA/HILL 383
The entrenched Austrians proved equally immovable from Hill 383, overlooking Plava. Defenses included masses of barbed wire and extensive caverns beneath an umbrella of covering artillery from the rear.



Italian troops on the Isonzo front beside a pair of 149mm howitzers. Cadorna saw artillery as the means to penetrate the Isonzo front.

TWELVE BATTLES OF THE ISONZO, 1915–1917

At the outbreak of World War I, Italy remained allied with Germany and Austria-Hungary as part of the Triple Alliance. But Italy had long set its sights on the largely Italian-speaking regions of Trieste and Tyrol—once part of the Roman Empire but then under Austro-Hungarian rule. The Central Powers tried to “buy off” Italy’s neutrality, but an Allied counteroffer proved more tempting, and Italy declared war on Austria-Hungary in May 1915. Italy had numerical superiority on its side but was hampered by the outdated tactical principles of its chief of staff, General Cadorna, who advocated all-out frontal assault through the mountainous Dolomite region. Beginning that June, Cadorna launched a series of offensives along the Isonzo River Valley, a 60-mile strategic corridor between Northern Italy and Central Europe. Austria-Hungary held the high ground on the opposite side of the flood-prone valley. Facing pressure from Rome and its allies on the Western Front, Cadorna sacrificed more than 700,000 men to the Isonzo meat grinder.



Mount Sabotino

GORIZIA
Cadorna sought to outflank Austro-Hungarian forces in Gorizia. When defenders succeeded in repelling those efforts, the frustrated Italians resorted to “total war,” shelling the city and driving out its inhabitants.

Mount Podgora

Italian Front Lines August 1915

Austrian Front Lines

Carso Plateau

MOUNT SAN MICHELE
This southern approach to Gorizia saw some of the heaviest fighting, as the heights repeatedly changed hands. In the end, thousands of men fell to propel the Italians mere meters toward Gorizia.

Duke of Aosta's Third Army

Hill 121

MONFALCONE

MONFALCONE
Despite early Italian success at Monfalcone, defenses along the Adriatic approach to Trieste remained among the most stubborn. Cadorna lost 4,000 men during a single failed frontal assault on Hill 121.

Adriatic Sea

CERVIGNANO

DISTANCES:
MONFALCONE to GORIZIA: 10 miles/16 km
GORIZIA to PLAVA: 8 miles/12.9 km

Maps by Steve Walkowiak

Giorgio Longo, illustrates this with tragic clarity.

The brigade was stationed on the northern slope of San Michele. It is the steepest face of the hill, rising 270 meters from the Isonzo within 900 horizontal meters. The 132nd Infantry Regiment (Lazio Brigade, 29th Division, Third Army) was stationed between regiments of the Perugia and Verona brigades. It faced formidable Austrian defenses, guarded by multiple rows of barbed wire and machine-gun nests, backed by batteries to the east. Flanking movements along the river were barred by a redoubt with outlying trenches that the Italians judged to be impregnable. On October 21, the 132nd Infantry was ordered to take a ridge on the northern slope. Known as Hill 124, this ridge was ringed with barbed wire that had suffered only a few narrow breaches. Efforts to widen the breaches with wire cutters and gelignite tubes had mostly failed. Inevitably, the attackers suffered heavy losses; over 10 days of continuous assaults, the 132nd lost 26 officers and 707 men. The survivors sheltered in muddy holes; their soggy uniforms could not be dried.

On the evening of October 31 the regiment was ordered to renew its attack the following morning. The commanding officer, Colonel Viola, decided to resist. He reported to the brigade commander, General Schenardi, that attacking in these conditions was impossible: the rain had made the steep slopes too slippery; the paths disappeared under sliding mud; the triple rows of wire were intact; enemy fire turned the assaults into pointless butchery.

Schenardi knew Viola as a courageous commander who would not refuse an order without good reason. Throughout the following day, Schenardi urged him to proceed with the attack. The other man bought time by sending out wire-cutting patrols. That evening, Schenardi put the best face possible on the colonel's refusal in a report to his divisional commander,

General Fortunato Marazzi. The wire had blocked the 132nd Infantry's progress, and subsequent wire-cutting patrols had been killed by enfilade fire from above. They would send night patrols to try again, but if these failed to widen the breaches, the next day's attack could only succeed if the Verona Brigade, adjacent to the Lazio, gave timely support. He ended by assuring the general that every effort was being made and every hardship endured to achieve success.

At divisional headquarters in Sdrausina, two kilometers away, Marazzi warned that the men's "extreme energy" might be undermined by weakness

"Schenardi knew Viola as a courageous commander who would not refuse an order without good reason"

in the officers. Any commander suspected of shortcomings should be replaced. Behind their defenses, the enemy were few and disheartened. "Strike a vigorous blow with every means, and victory shall be ours." Marazzi was under pressure from the corps commander, General Paolo Morrone, who had been stung by a phone call from the Duke of Aosta himself, in his headquarters at Cervignano some 16 kilometers away, regretting that the previous day's action had brought "no appreciable result." On the morning of November 2, Marazzi informed the irate Morrone that "the most energetic orders" had been given "to drive the troops forward with the utmost vigor." Every man would do his duty to the last, at whatever cost.

General Schenardi ordered the attack to take place at 1300 hours. Colonel Viola protested that the breaches in

the wire were still too narrow, due partly to the dampness of fuses in the gelignite tubes. Without support from the Verona Brigade, the 132nd would be massacred again. Once again, zero hour passed without an attack. When Schenardi again raised the matter of the Verona Brigade, General Marazzi snapped back: "Attack at once, never mind the Verona Brigade!" A quarter of an hour later, he followed this order with another: "If Colonel Viola hesitates for an instant, relieve him of his command."

Viola duly gave orders to advance. As usual, he led from the front. The platoons poured uphill in waves, only to break against the wire, still "nearly intact" according to the brigade diary. Reinforcements arrived, but the enemy fire was overwhelming. Around 1900, the regiment fell back. The following day, Viola prepared to lead his men back up the hill, but torrential rain forced a postponement. The same happened on the 4th. The 29th Division was exempted from the next rotations, so the men of the 132nd stayed at their sodden posts. By November 10, the regiment was stunned by exhaustion, in terrible condition. That evening the steady downpour became a cloudburst, flooding the trenches and turning the paths into foaming streams. Two days later the 132nd was granted a week's leave. Colonel Viola died on November 22, leading his men in yet another attack against Hill 124.

The Third Battle was suspended on the evening of November 4, but Cadorna was unreasonably convinced that Austrian Fifth Army commander General Svetozar Boroevic von Bojna's troops teetered on the edge of collapse. Knowing that 24 fresh battalions were due to arrive within a week or two, he felt sure Gorizia could still be taken.

After a week's pause, the Fourth Battle was launched with a short bombardment. The infantry did their best to charge up the open slopes of Mrzli, Podgora, Sabotino and San Michele, swept by machine-gun fire. The rain pelted down, the temperature sank, and then—on November 16—heavy

snow fell. There would not be a proper thaw until spring 1917, when corpses were revealed after a year and a half.

Thanks to the wire and machine guns, Austrian units that had lost half their men held back Italian advances with three times their own strength. A bit of ground was taken here and there, after huge losses, but nothing decisive. Capello, an intuitive soldier, knew it was impossible to succeed in such conditions, with the men exhausted. He sent a graphic report to General Frugoni, commanding the Second Army. As the rations were cold by the time they reached the men, and short as well, the mud-soaked infantry could not “restore their strength with hot, abundant rations.” Some units went more than two days without food. They were not so much men as “walking shapes of mud. It is not the will to advance that’s lacking...what they lack is the physical strength.” Even the reserves had spent days in water and mud, hence were not capable of reinvigorating the first-line troops.

Malingering and self-mutilation were serious problems. Malingerers imitated symptoms that doctors found hard to verify. With so many infantrymen presenting tidy wounds to their hands or feet, officers learned to look for telltale scorch marks. Self-mutilation could be punished with summary execution or jail, but the trend was only reversed much later, when the Supreme Command sent all suspects straight to the front line.

Amid the routine slaughter, November 18 marked a turning point: The Italians shelled Gorizia for three hours. This was the start of “total war” on the Isonzo. Until now, both sides had mostly refrained from targeting civilians. Gorizia was known as the Austrian Nice, the city of roses or violets. Blessed by a mild climate in winter, with hills behind and the turquoise Isonzo in front, it flourished under the Habsburgs. Long avenues were lined with handsome villas. The public gardens were exceptionally pretty, the

medieval castle on the hill was picturesque. The hospitals and convalescent homes were patronized by wealthy Viennese and Bavarians, who formed a German crust on top of the mixed Italian and Slovene population. After May 1915, fighting quickly reached the city’s edge. Curtains of reeds were hung across the streets to block snipers’ sightlines; otherwise, life continued almost normally. The first wave of refugees brought some 40,000 people through the city, local Italians as well as Slovenes, carrying or dragging whatever they could save from the invaders; many would spend years in internment camps. Although the prewar popula-

“By the end of 1915, the losses of two brigades that had served on Mrzli from the start exceeded 9,000 men”

tion of 31,000 soon halved, as citizens fled to safer regions, numbers were kept up by several tens of thousands of Habsburg troops quartered in the city, turning it into a virtual third line. Officers and their wives strolled in the gardens, sat in the cafés, and kept local businesses afloat. Authority passed from the mayor to General Zeidler, who chose not to evacuate the city, perhaps because the Italian attack was a gift to Habsburg propaganda.

Why did Cadorna abandon the moral high ground now, when he knew that Gorizia could not be taken during this battle? His memoirs offer no clue. Perhaps he decided that civilized restraint had become a luxury, or the spectacle of the city’s near-normality so close to the front line harmed his own men’s morale.

The Italians’ Supreme Command ordered a last offensive on Mount Mrzli

and around Tolmein for November 23. Senior officers were unconvinced. Many of the men could no longer fit their boots onto their swollen feet, and frostbite was a danger. The mud, too, undermined morale: When their uniforms dried out, they were stiff as boards. The sight of Sicilian peasants shivering in a trench, hands purple and swollen, unequipped for climatic extremes that were as inconceivable to them as the war itself, could sow doubt in any observer’s mind about continuing the assaults in subzero temperatures. But Cadorna was not an observer; he was in Udine, nearly 40 kilometers from Mount Mrzli, surrounded by deferential staff officers.

Even so, on November 26, the Italians pushed the Austrians back to within 20 meters of Mrzli’s summit. Taking advantage of a rising mist, the counterattacking Austrians quickly drove the Italians back to the Big Trench. A separate push to take the southernmost end of the ridge, directly above Tolmein, was also repulsed. Inching up the mountain, the Italians eventually found themselves only 8 meters below the Austrian front line. Pelted with grenades, rocks, barrels, even tins filled with feces, they could get no further. It was rumored that a corps commander shouted at his staff, “Don’t you see I need more dead men, *lots* more, if we’re to show the top brass that the action against Mrzli cannot succeed?” By the end of 1915, the losses of two brigades that had served on Mrzli from the start—the Modena and Salerno—exceeded 9,000 men.

Operations petered out in the first week of December, when heavy snowfalls obliterated trenches and wire. The Fourth Battle had added 49,000 Italian casualties to the 67,000 from the Third. Austrian losses were 42,000 and 25,000 respectively. Summarizing the reasons for failure, the Italian official history of the war blamed the barbed wire, which was “practically impossible” to destroy. Many months would pass before the Italians found a remotely effective solution. **MH**

BATTLESCAPES

Europe's vast and varied landscape has known war for centuries, and while many of its countless battlefields remain scarred by the combat that once swept over them, nature has patiently erased from others virtually all signs of past carnage.

In *Battlescapes* (published this month by Osprey Publishing) German photographer Alfred Buellesbach and British author Marcus Cowper explore in words and more than 200 evocative pictures the timeless interplay between history and landscape. Among the 34 battlefields portrayed are such famous sites as Ypres, Hastings, Waterloo, Austerlitz, Agincourt, and Normandy, as well as such lesser-known battlefields as Dybbol, Fehrbellin, Leuthen, Königgrätz and Isonzo.

Focusing on sites that span the period from 52 BC to the end of World War II in Europe, Buellesbach and Cowper illustrate both the unchanging nature of war and the ways in which the earth eventually heals the jagged scars of even the most destructive of human conflicts. MH



▲ **DOLOMITES, 1915–1918**

From 1915 to 1917 the Travenanzes Valley near Cortina d'Ampezzo—then part of Austria, now Italy—was a killing ground, as Italian forces engaged Austrian troops in bitter high-altitude combat.





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▼ **NORMANDY, JUNE 6, 1944**

On D-Day troops of the U.S. 4th Infantry Division assaulted three-mile-long Utah Beach. Initially put ashore in the wrong areas, the soldiers rallied under Brig. Gen. Theodore Roosevelt Jr.



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BATTLESCAPES



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► **METZ,
SEPT.–OCT. 1870**
Attempting to relieve
Verdun during the
Franco-Prussian War,
the French Army of
the Rhine was dealt
a crushing defeat
by Prussian forces in
the countryside south
of the Metz-Verdun road,
between the villages of
Rezonville and Vionville.





◀ **VIMY RIDGE,
APRIL 9–12, 1917**
Shell-churned earth
covers most of the 250-acre
memorial park honoring
the Canadian Corps' defeat
of three German divisions in
France's Nord-Pas-de-Calais
region. Part of the Battle of
Arras, Vimy was a decisive
Allied victory and remains a
symbol of Canada's wartime
sacrifices and successes.



► **THE SOMME,
JULY–NOV. 1916**
Now verdant and
productive, the rolling
fields near the French
village of La Boisselle
were so bitterly
contested during the
Battle of the Somme that
the shallow depression
seen here was known
as “Sausage Valley”
because of the carnage.

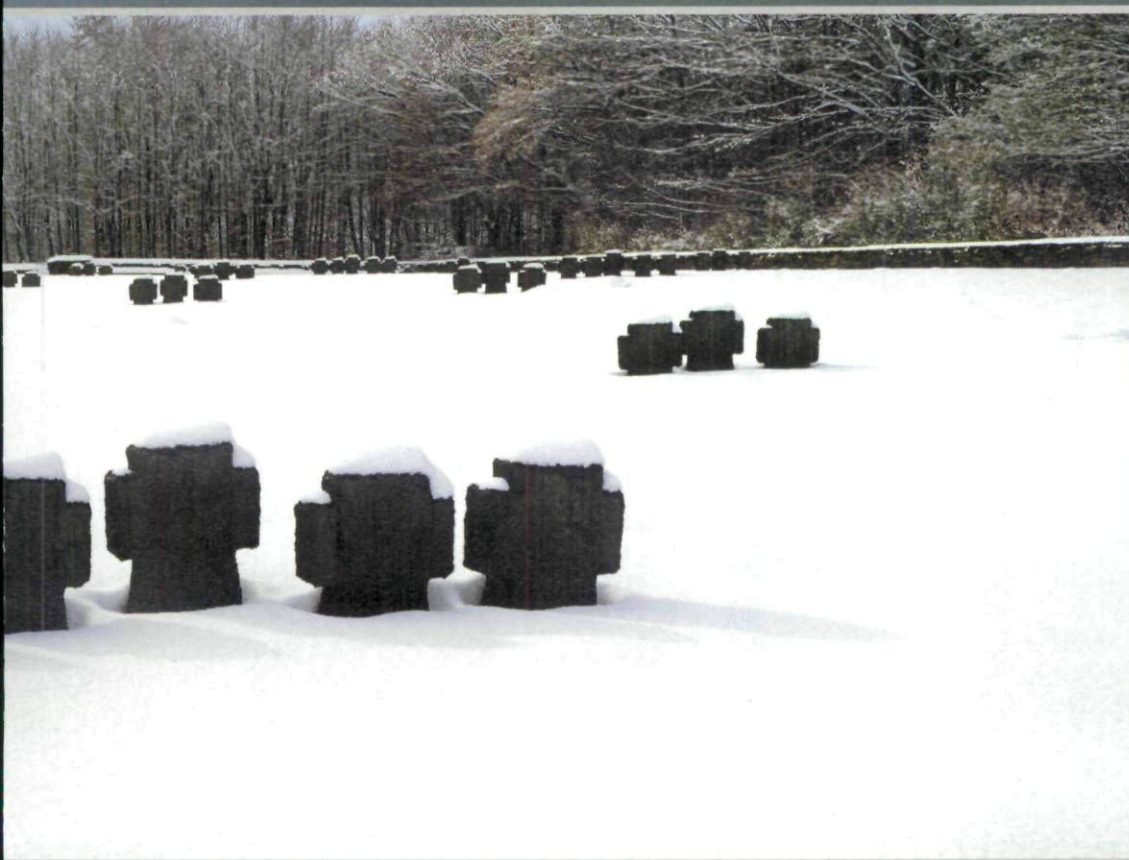


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BATTLESCAPES



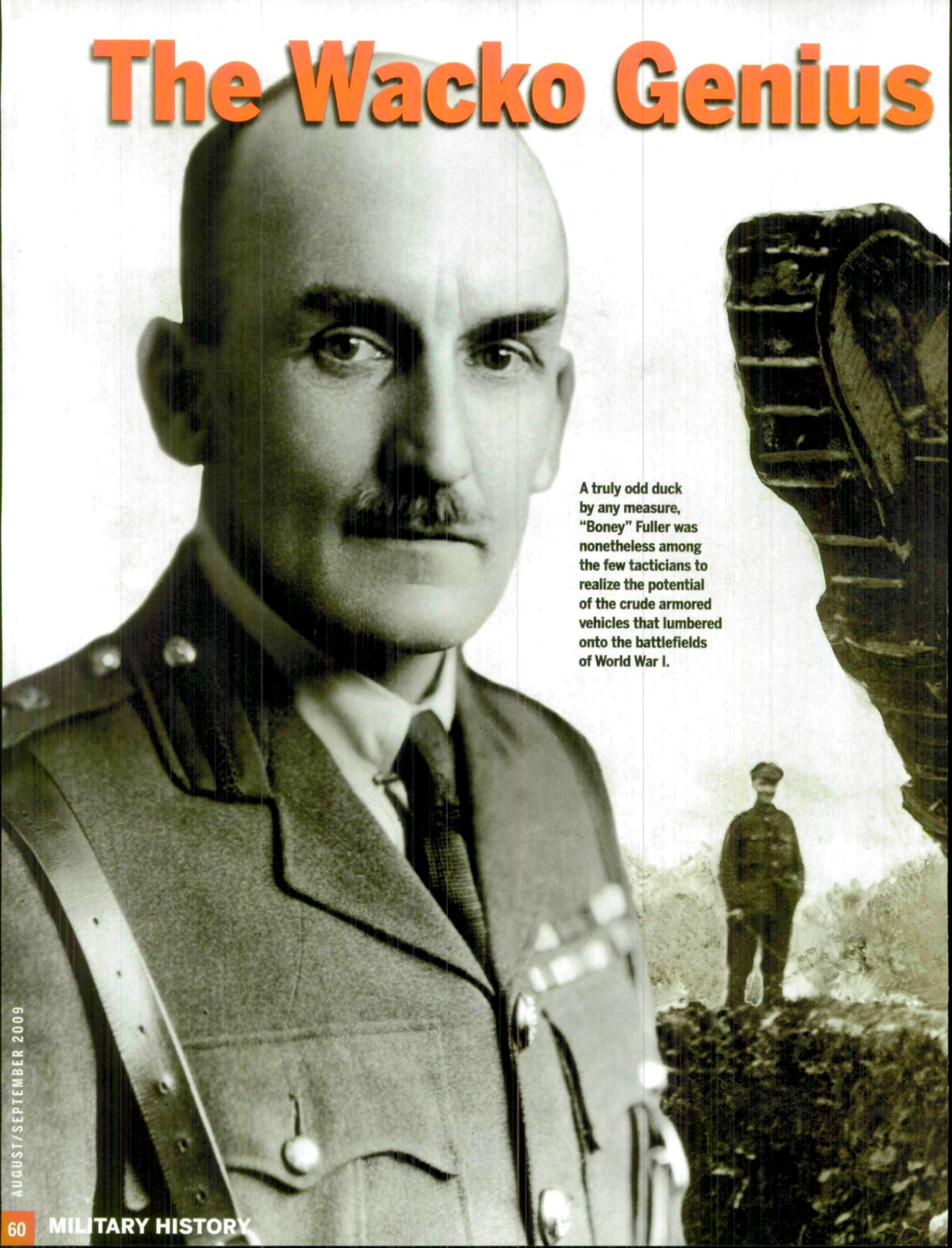
COPYRIGHT © BY ALFRED BULLESBACH



◀ HÜRTGEN FOREST, SEPT. 1944–FEB. 1945

While the battle is largely remembered for the high numbers of American casualties, the German army also suffered heavily. Military cemeteries near Hürtgenwald contain the graves of more than 9,000 Germans killed during the *Wehrmacht*'s stubborn defense of the region.

The Wacko Genius

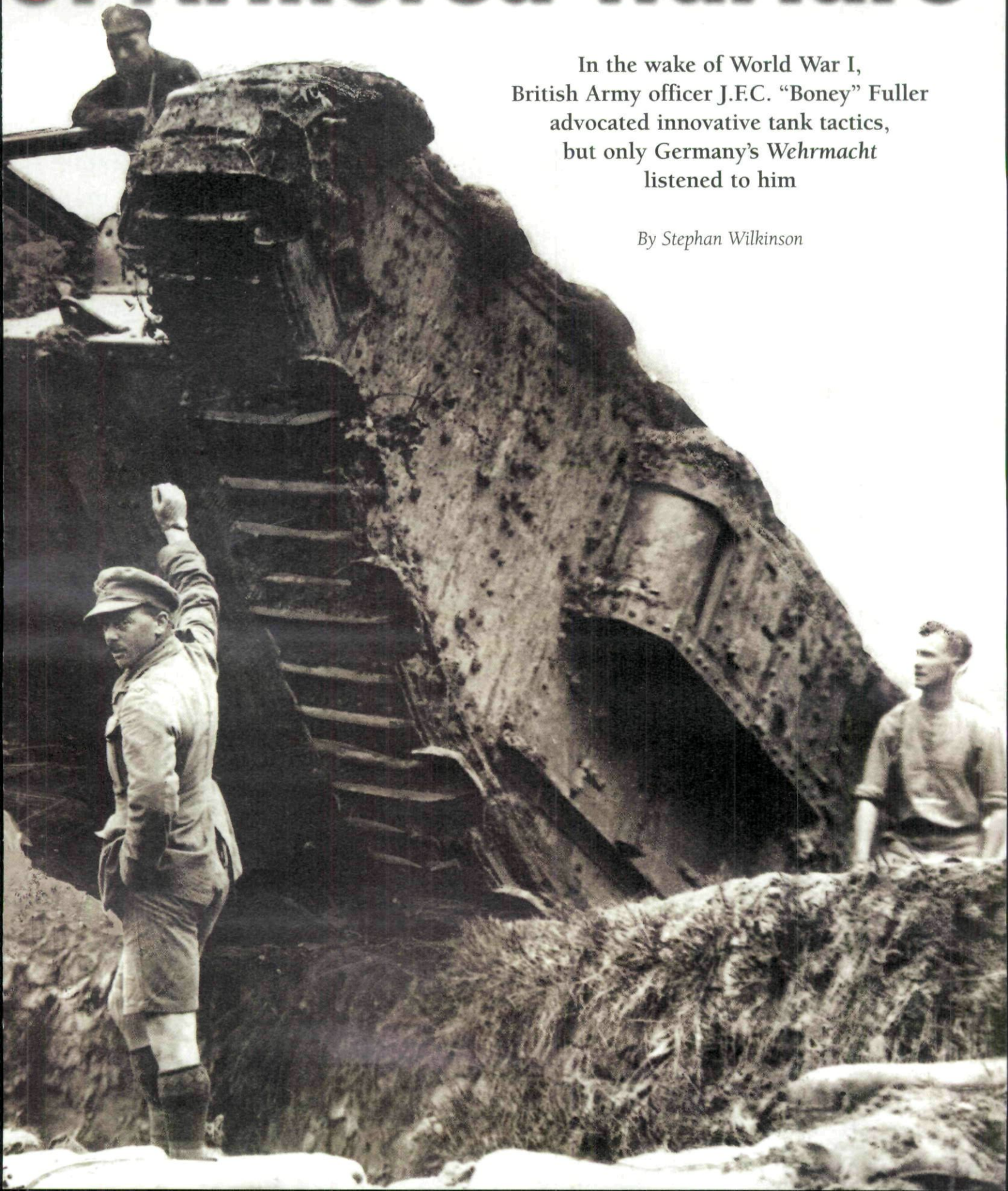


A truly odd duck by any measure, "Boney" Fuller was nonetheless among the few tacticians to realize the potential of the crude armored vehicles that lumbered onto the battlefields of World War I.

of Armored Warfare

In the wake of World War I,
British Army officer J.F.C. "Boney" Fuller
advocated innovative tank tactics,
but only Germany's *Wehrmacht*
listened to him

By Stephan Wilkinson



Major General John Frederick Charles Fuller was, during World War I and through the early 1930s, the British army's tank warfare go-to guy. He was the man who taught the *Wehrmacht* how to blitzkrieg, George Patton how to rumble and the Israelis how to kill Syrians. Yet he was an absolute un-Pattonlike, don't-mistake-me-for-Bernard-Montgomery, I'm-no-Heinz-Guderian staff officer. The quintessential egghead, "Boney" Fuller was a tiny man with a modicum of actual combat experience whose bearing, manner and attitude were fully represented by his nerdy nickname.

Irascible, overbearing, argumentative, condescending, a fan of woo-woo occultism and, ultimately, a Nazi sympathizer, J.F.C. Fuller was nevertheless a foresighted tactician and imaginative military theorist. He would have been hard-pressed to take a rifle squad into action, yet he did something few other professional officers at the time bothered with: He *thought* about how battles should be fought. Thought so long and hard, in fact, that he became what the Brits love to call "too clever by half."

Fuller failed to get into Sandhurst on his first try because he was too short (5-foot-4), too wispy (117 pounds at age 18) and had too small a chest (boney, presumably) to meet the British military academy's standards. Second time around he got in, though he later admitted, "I took no interest whatever in things military." Fuller preferred to read classics and write letters to his mother, yet he eventually secured a commission in the Oxfordshire Light Infantry.

About his first action, in the Boer War, Fuller observed: "We knew nothing about war, about South Africa, about our eventual enemy, about anything at all which mattered and upon which our lives might depend. Nine officers out of 10—I might say 99 out of every 100—knew no more of military affairs than the man on the moon and do not intend or want to know more." Fuller was so contemptuous of his fellow officers that, he wrote his mother, he even loathed

playing cards with them during the voyage to South Africa. "That biped is a great deal too uninteresting for me," he sniffed, adding, "The army...needs primitive men who enjoy the heirlooms of prehistoric times such as hunting, shooting, etc."

Fuller saw his first real fighting in the Transvaal. He wrote his mother about a friendly fire incident in which

'When Fuller returned to England, he resolved that the sweatier side of army life held no appeal'

a native trooper was wounded in the forehead. Fuller fed the man whiskey while trying to stuff his brains back in with the handle of a mess kit fork. His words reveal his lifelong racism: "Any ordinary civilized individual would have fallen down dead at once, but I suppose these semi-savages use their brain so little that it doesn't matter much if they lose a part of it."

The best months of Fuller's Boer War came when he was put in charge of 70 black scouts and given a 4,000-square-mile area of only partially pacified countryside to patrol. His

recon platoon engaged in casual fire-fights, took and interrogated prisoners, raided, scouted for regular army units and generally operated independently. It was dangerous work, for the Boers particularly hated Brits who led the despised "kaffirs," and captured officers could expect to die in unpleasant ways.

The experience was for Fuller an on-the-job tactical education. It taught him about field operations—particularly frontal and flank attacks and whether to envelop or penetrate an opposing force—in a way Sandhurst never could. His South African foray instilled in Fuller two ideas that would become cornerstones of his tactical thinking: 1) mobility is all-important, and 2) a rapid, deep, penetrating attack is far more effective than the traditional slow-paced, beat-your-head-against-a-wall frontal assault.

When Fuller returned to England after a brief posting to India (where he stoked his fascination with Eastern religion and mysticism), he resolved that the sweatier side of army life—drilling, marching, maneuvering—held no appeal for him and decided to escape into staff work. In 1913 he was accepted into the Staff College at Camberley, again on his second try. Fuller almost immediately got into trouble for trying to amend the army's sacrosanct operating handbook, the *Field Service Regulations*. The *FSR* basically stated that war was simple,

While Fuller and other early armored warfare theorists considered the tank the key to battlefield mobility, the reality was initially very different. Vehicles such as the British Mark IV (top, during the 1917 Battle of Cambrai) often bogged down in the trenches. One solution, bottom, was to send tanks to the front equipped with fascines—bundles of wood and chains that tankers would drop into the trenches to enable an easy crossing.



IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM, Q 6432



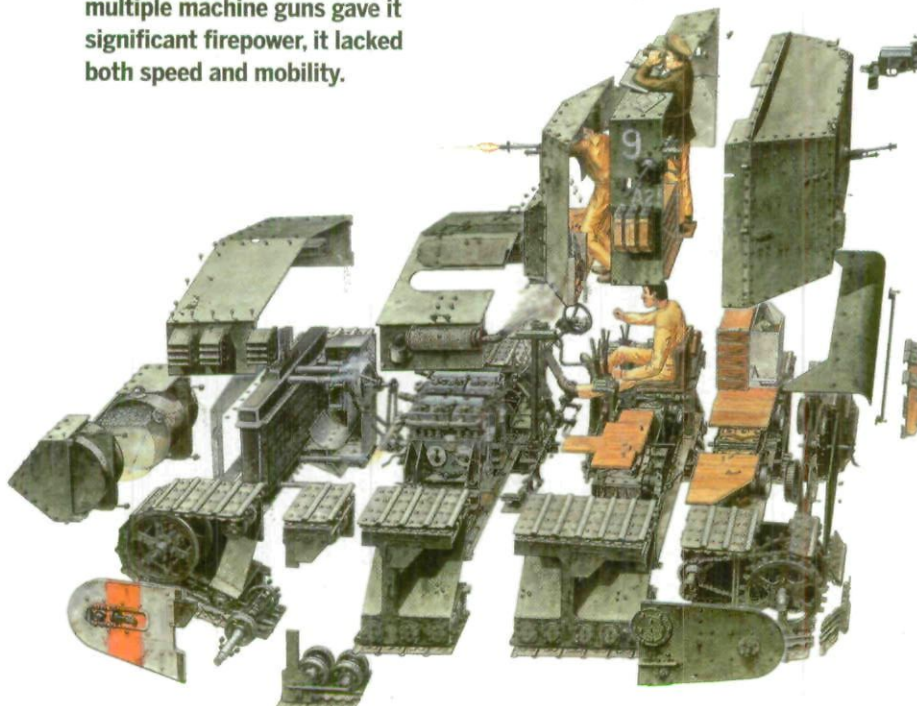
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TANK EVOLUTION



GERMAN A7V STURMPANZER-KRAFTWAGEN

Developed in response to the 1916 battlefield introduction of the first British Mark I tanks, the A7V first saw action in 1918. While its 57mm cannon and multiple machine guns gave it significant firepower, it lacked both speed and mobility.



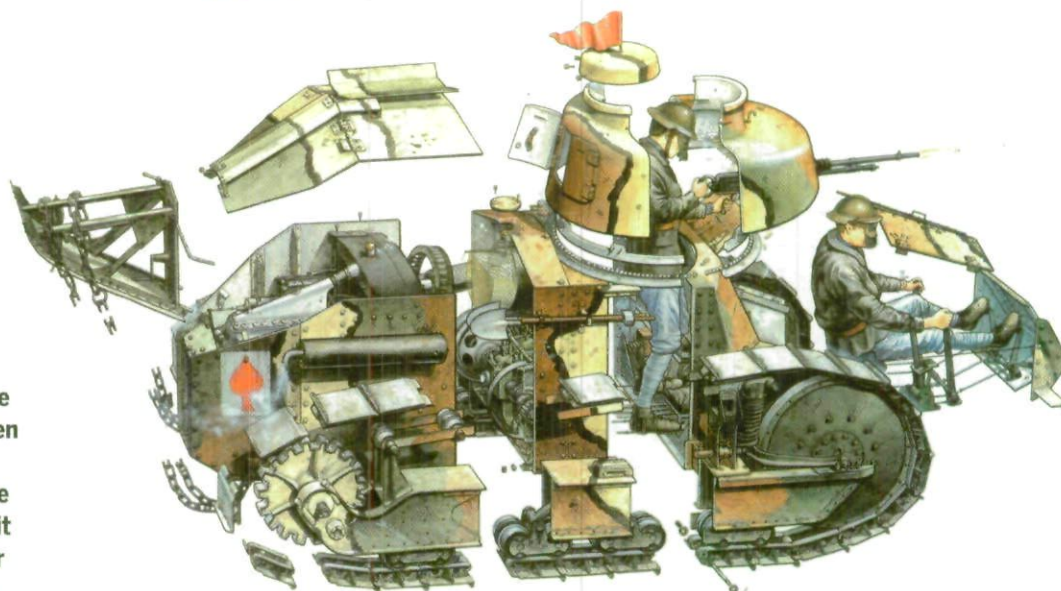
BRITISH MARK A WHIPPET

Intended to exploit battlefield breakthroughs, the 16-ton Whippet could move about at relatively brisk speeds. The type first saw action in March 1918 and five months later decisively proved the value of fast-moving armored forces by wreaking havoc behind the German front line at Amiens.



FRENCH RENAULT FT-17

Considered by many experts the world's first modern tank, the FT-17 was truly revolutionary when it went into action in May 1918. Light, fast and maneuverable, the FT-17 epitomized the "hit hard, hit fast" doctrine espoused by Fuller and other innovative tacticians.



fighting principles were not particularly numerous or abstruse, and Napoléon pretty much knew everything that needed to be known.

Perhaps due to his reputation as a prima donna and troublemaker, at the 1914 outbreak of war Fuller was assigned as a minor General Staff officer, while his schoolmates were sent to the front (where many were killed). Among Boney's crucial tasks, he reorganized the filing system at his base, developed a sheep-evacuation plan in the event of a German invasion, and determined whether and how to deprive such invaders of alcohol in the area's pubs. In March 1915, he finally managed to get into the action by insulting his commanding officer so thoroughly that the man shipped him out in retribution.

What Fuller found in France was the stalemate that would persist for most of the war. Frontal attacks were useless, as both sides fielded machine guns. Flanking attacks were impossible, as frontline trenches extended across the Continent from the Atlantic to Switzerland.

Fuller advocated a style of warfare based on mobility and penetration—that is, breakthrough on a limited front. (Twenty years later, Adolf Hitler's *Wehrmacht* would use those principles to develop its blitzkrieg concepts.) Another elementary principle on which Fuller predicated his style of war was mass: If you don't outnumber your enemy, you probably can't outfight him. "Do not let my opponents castigate me with the blather that Waterloo was won on the playfields of Eton," he later wrote, "for the fact remains, geographically, historically and tactically, whether the Great Duke [of Wellington] uttered such undiluted nonsense or not, that it was won on fields in Belgium by carrying out a fundamental principle of war, the principle of mass; in other words by marching onto those fields three Englishmen, Germans or Belgians for every two Frenchmen."

It was the tank, however, that would establish Fuller's reputation as a tactician. So much so that some

think he invented the modern armored vehicle, though in fact he became "an armor guy" well after Sir Ernest Swinton conceived the vehicle, after its first combat test at the September 1916 Battle of the Somme, and after Swinton and others had already developed and written about tank tactics.

Fuller later recalled his own epiphany. He'd gone to Yvranch, France, home of the army's Heavy Section, as Tank Corps was then called, to watch

'Fuller advocated a style of warfare based on mobility and penetration—that is, breakthrough on a limited front'

the demonstration of a remarkable new weapon. (In fact, about all the Heavy Section was doing in those days was putting on daily maintenance-intensive dog-and-pony shows for visiting officers, sending its crude tanks to trundle over berms, cross trenches and, of course, crush trees like matchsticks.) "Everyone was talking and chatting," Fuller wrote, "when slowly came into sight the first tank I ever saw. Not a monster but a very graceful machine with beautiful lines. ... Here was the missing tool of penetration, the answer to the dominance on the battlefield of small-arms fire." Fuller had found the antidote to the all-powerful machine gun.

Fuller's first actual tank operation was the April 1917 Battle of Arras. As a demonstration of the tank's capability the operation was a failure, at least in part because tankers ignored Fuller's advice to deploy en masse and instead fed the tanks—mostly clapped-out training vehicles shipped from England—into battle a few at a time. Nor did it help that the army insisted on a traditional pre-attack artillery

bombardment, a tactic anathema to Fuller, as it both eliminated any element of surprise and so thoroughly chewed up the ground that many of the tanks were immobilized.

The Battle of Cambrai in November and December 1917 was the Tank Corps' greatest wartime success, as it punched a horde of tanks through the Hindenburg Line in a stunning example of Fuller's penetration tactics. Fuller had wanted to lead the central charge, but his commander, Lt. Col. Hugh Elles, turned him down and directed the battle himself from his tank "Hilda," becoming a fleeting national hero as a result.

Still, Cambrai wasn't a clear-cut enough victory to establish Tank Corps as part of the varsity. Field Marshal Douglas Haig instead relegated tanks to a defensive role, much to Fuller's chagrin. The iron monsters were strung out along a 65-mile front, either dug into pits or otherwise fortified—parked pillboxes, in effect—where "this beast would squat and slumber until the enemy advanced," Fuller later mocked, "when it would make warlike noises and pounce upon him."

Fuller's finest wartime moment was the promulgation of his Plan 1919. Believing World War I would continue into 1919, he suggested victory with a single penetrating, surprise, mass tank attack aimed not at killing lots of German soldiers but at reaching and killing the enemy "brain"—the rear-area command-and-communications infrastructure—and thus paralyzing the body. But Fuller's most meaningful tactical concept came to naught, as the war ended in November 1918. Had it continued, Fuller today might be as widely known as Guderian, Montgomery and Patton.

Britain's hidebound high command seemed to learn little from World War I, their American counterparts perhaps only a bit more. The military remained convinced that wars were won by men clad in woolen uniforms hiding behind rocks and shooting bullets at one another

Ironically, the most ardent supporters of Fuller's tactical innovations were the brass of Nazi Germany. Officers like Heinz Guderian built their theories of "lightning war"—as practiced by tankers such as these of the 12th SS Panzer Division—partly upon Fuller's theories.



and that despite the growing civilian predilection for cross-country travel in gasoline-powered automobiles, mobility of armies was still best provided by horses. Few seemed to realize that armor trumped wool and machinery was stronger than muscle. Part of the problem was that professional officers *liked* horses and loathed greasy, smelly machinery. Even airplanes met with their disdain.

Through the 1920s, as Fuller grew increasingly disenchanted with the military and his inability to bring about real tactical reforms, the military became equally disenchanted with Fuller. The final straw was the "Tidworth Affair," which began when the

British army gave Fuller the plum command of an experimental tank force at Tidworth, on the Salisbury Plain. The posting, which marked the tactician's last chance to champion his armored doctrine, turned sour when he voiced a variety of small-minded ultimatums, such as demanding a full-time secretary and refusing to "waste his time" commanding an infantry unit attached to the tank force. To top things off, he petulantly threatened to resign, which would have been a PR disaster for the army, as Fuller had far stronger support among the popular press than he did among the officer corps. The army managed to talk him out of quitting.

But instead of taking in Tidworth, Fuller was again sent to India on a minor fact-finding mission and was never again offered a command. In 1933, at the age of 55, Fuller retired as a major general. Biographer Anthony John Trythall summed up his turbulent career: "And so ended, a few years before what will almost certainly prove to have been the largest and longest mechanized war of all time, the military career of Britain's most experienced and able tank officer, the victim of his own brilliance and energy, and of his own inability to trim his words and actions to the winds of political reality and human frailty.... He was...too clever, too rigid,



KURTH/BUNDESARCHIV

too intellectually arrogant and self-reliant to be highly successful in a military career.”

Following his army retirement, Fuller became deeply involved with Oswald Mosley’s British Union of Fascists (not a completely unexpected development, given that Fuller was a Germanophile, a racist and an anti-Semite whose preferred boyhood nickname was “Fritz”). He visited Germany frequently and spent time with Hitler, Joachim von Ribbentrop and Rudolf Hess, all of whom he found “charming.” Fuller was one of only two British guests at Hitler’s 50th birthday party, in April 1939,

and it was at that event he apparently spoke some of the most notorious words ever attributed to him.

After a three-hour parade of the thoroughly motorized, armored *Wehrmacht*, Hitler greeted Fuller on the receiving line and said, “I hope you were pleased with your children.” Fuller is said to have replied, “Your Excellency, they have grown up so quickly that I no longer recognize them.” The Germans—particularly panzer commander Guderian—would later largely credit Fuller’s writings with their development of blitzkrieg tactics, though historians debate whether the defeated Guderian meant this more as postwar politeness than praise.

While Fuller realized that war with Germany would almost certainly erupt again, he deluded himself into thinking that white brothers under the skin would wage chivalrous battles, eventually settle on a winner and shake on it, “for chivalry was born in Europe,” he naively wrote.

While the government interned most members of the British Union of Fascists upon the 1939 outbreak of war, Fuller was left alone, probably because Winston Churchill intervened on his behalf. Yet Fuller loathed Churchill, of whom he once wrote to his friend Basil Liddell Hart, “The war as it is being run is just a vast Bedlam with WC as its glamour boy; a kind



DPA/ULLSTEIN BILD/THE GRANGER COLLECTION, NEW YORK

of mad hatter who one day appears as a cowpuncher and the next as an air commodore—the man is an enormous mountebank.”

In the 1930s Fuller had embarked upon a second career as a writer, ultimately penning some 45 authoritative books and hundreds of popular-press articles and scholarly papers. He wrote about everything from war to yoga (the latter extremely avant-garde at the time) and became a precursor of today's retired generals anxious to freelance as media talking heads. Indeed, Fuller was *Newsweek's* “military analyst” during much of World War II.

For all his foibles and failings, Fuller was a visionary. In the early 1930s he predicted, as Anthony Trythall wrote, “future armies would be surrounded by swarms of motorized guerillas, irregulars or regular troops making use of the multitude of civilian motorcars that would be available.” Fuller also mused that one day “a manless flying machine” would change the face of war. Early on he

Though Fuller was an anti-Semite and a Nazi sympathizer, his doctrines of tank warfare helped Israel dominate its enemies in the 1967 Six-Day War.

was intrigued by the development of radio, not only for communication but also as a way to control robot weapons. He also thought then-primitive rocket technology would one day lead to the development of superb anti-aircraft weapons.

And as early as the 1920s, Fuller was a proponent of amphibious warfare. He envisioned a naval fleet “which belches forth war on every strand, which vomits forth armies as never did the horse of Troy.” Indeed, he foresaw future navies as being entirely submersible. On the negative side of the balance sheet, Fuller also championed the military use of poison gas, particularly when spread by airplanes. Even as late as 1961, with the publication of his book *The Conduct of War*, he blamed resistance to chemical warfare on “popular emotionalism.”

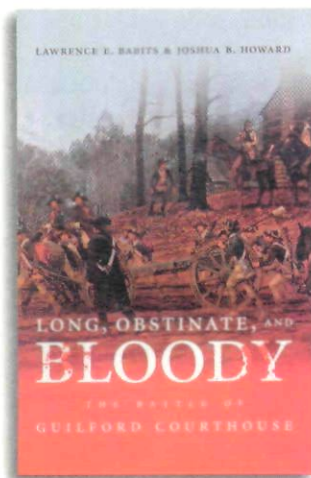
If Fuller had a fatal flaw as a tactician, it was that he derided the importance of putting infantry “boots on the ground.” To him, combat was simply a matter of wool uniforms versus steel armor—and that seemed to him a no-brainer. Of course, Fuller had failed to consider the development of portable, shoulder-fired and helicopter-borne antitank weaponry.

Maj. Gen. J.F.C. Fuller, CB, CBE, DSO (Ret.) died on Feb. 10, 1966. Had he lived another 16 months, he'd doubtless have gained considerable satisfaction from Israel's total rout of the Egyptians, Syrians and Jordanians in the June 1967 Six-Day War, using Fuller-doctrine tank tactics in what was later dubbed “the Jewish blitzkrieg.”

“Boney” Fuller was indeed a prophet—albeit a cantankerous, irritating and bigoted one—in his own time. **MH**

*For further reading, Stephan Wilkinson recommends: “Boney” Fuller: Soldier, Strategist and Writer, 1878–1966, by Anthony John Trythall, and Fuller's own *The Conduct of War*, 1789–1961.*

Guilford Courthouse Revisited



Long, Obstinate and Bloody: The Battle of Guilford Courthouse, by Lawrence E. Babits and Joshua B. Howard, University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, 2009, \$30

Those who like their combat served raw will enjoy this deeply researched book on the clash between the Continental Army led by Maj. Gen. Nathanael Greene and the British army led by General Lord Charles Cornwallis

along the North Carolina Piedmont on March 15, 1781. Authors Lawrence E. Babits, George Washington Professor of History at East Carolina University, and Joshua B. Howard, research historian at the North Carolina Office of Archives and History, have examined no fewer than 980 pension applications by Revolutionary War veterans who participated in the battle. They have also delved into published recollections of

numerous participants, from cavalryman Lt. Col. Banastre Tarleton and Sergeant Roger Lamb on the British side to cavalryman Lt. Col. Henry "Light Horse Harry" Lee and gigantic militia dragoon Peter Francisco on the American side. The result is an account of the battle second to none in details.

The first hundred pages relate the background of how Guilford Courthouse came to be fought. Here, actually, *Long, Obstinate and Bloody* does finish a poor second to John Buchanan's 1997 book, *The Road to Guilford Courthouse*, with a repetitious and often confusing buildup narrative. Babits and Howard lack Buchanan's ability to sum

up important insights in a memorable sentence, such as, "The British strategy had in common with other well-laid plans a cold, clear logic unencumbered by evidence."

These flaws do not, and should not, minimize the superb battle narrative the authors launch on P. 101. The next 67 pages are an incredibly vivid account of brave men risking imminent death or disablement for a victory that might decide the outcome of the war. The authors exhaustively note where various regiments and even companies fought and present a thorough list of officers and men who received often-horrendous wounds, described in gruesome detail.

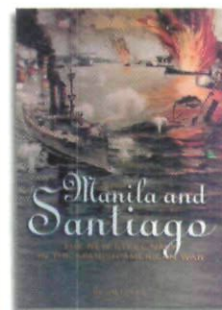
At times the two sides were so close that when they fired, their "muzzle flashes overlapped in a wide sheet of flame." Where they met, bayonets and swords became the weapons of choice. Lt. Col. James Stuart of the Guards dueled with Captain John Smith of the 1st Maryland Regiment—and succumbed "to a backhanded blow across the head."

The authors argue convincingly for a new account of the climactic moment of the battle—Cornwallis' supposed decision to order his artillery to fire point-blank rounds of grapeshot through the ranks of the fleeing 2nd Guards Battalion at the 1st Maryland Continentals. They find the artillery had another target—Lt. Col. William Washington's charging cavalry—and only a few guards, if any, were hit.

The account ends with Greene's masterful withdrawal, leaving Cornwallis' decimated army in possession of the corpse-strewn field. The final chapters describe the British retreat to the seacoast and, ultimately, to Virginia, where Washington, with the help of the French fleet and expeditionary force, trapped them at Yorktown. Meanwhile, Greene cleared South Carolina of British troops using the same strategy he applied so well at Guilford Court House: "We fight, get beat, rise and fight again."

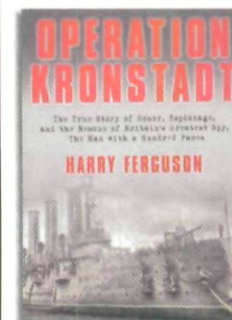
—Thomas Fleming

RECOMMENDED



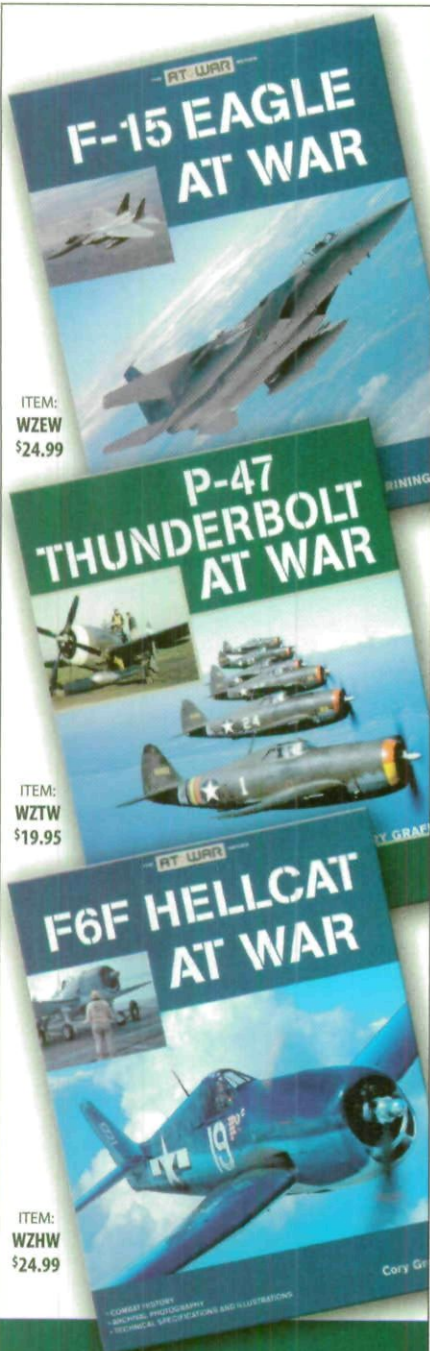
Manila and Santiago, by Jim Leeke

Though the United States entered the Spanish-American War with a technologically advanced "New Steel Navy," author Leeke argues that victory in the nation's first two-ocean, global conflict was actually due to American commanders' successful employment of lessons learned from legendary Civil War Admiral David Farragut.



Operation Kronstadt, by Harry Ferguson

In this fascinating and highly readable story of the British government's 1919 rescue of its premier spy—dubbed the "Man With a Thousand Faces"—from within Bolshevik Russia, author and former MI6 agent Ferguson adroitly blends stirring small-boat naval combat action with a true-life espionage thriller.



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Tonight We Die As Men: The Untold Story of 3rd Battalion, 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment, From Toccoa to D-Day, by Ian Gardner and Roger Day, Osprey Publishing, 2009, \$27.95

Tonight We Die As Men holds a magnifying glass to one of the lesser-known battles of World War II—the assignment of the 3rd Battalion, 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment, to secure wooden bridges near the small French village of Brevands early on the morning of June 6, 1944.

This was not one of D-Day's great battles, but there's no shortage of gallantry in these pages: There was the doctor who, besides treating his own wounded, managed to save the lives of several French civilians. There was the paratrooper who refused an order to shoot his prisoners. And there's the officer who, pressed into service at a POW camp, coolly removed the dog tags—marked with an H for "Hebrew"—from a Jewish comrade.

But perhaps the most interesting sections of the book are those that dwell on the battalion's everyday life—in the United States and in Britain. We read of practical jokes played and evenings in one of the half-dozen or so pubs in the English village where the men are quartered. The stories of American and British solidarity notwithstanding, we hear of publicans overcharging Yanks confused by the intricacies of the British monetary system.

The battalion, composed of every ethnic group in the country, might have been one of those companies beloved by Hollywood. Among its roster were Hank DiCarlo, Niels Christensen, Oakie Hilderbrand and Zalman Rosenfield. Bobbie Rommel was distantly related to the German general, and Major George Grant was descended from the Civil War general and onetime president.

The book is not without its unintentionally comic side. One can empathize

with the enlightened soul who changed the name of the regiment's original base from Camp Toombs to the less ominous-sounding Camp Toccoa. But what is one to make of a parachute regiment commanded by a Colonel Sink, and a battalion by a Lt. Col. Strayer?

Ian Gardner and Roger Day follow the regiment through Normandy, back to Britain and on to demobilization in the States. With solid research, the book brings to life the battle and the men—hardly more than boys, really—who fought it.

—Linda Perney

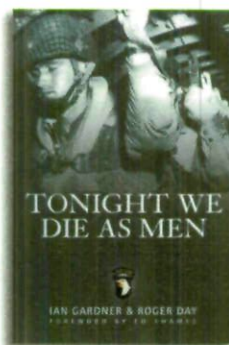
Hunting Eichmann: How a Band of Survivors and a Young Spy Agency Chased Down the World's Most Notorious Nazi, by Neal Bascomb, Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 2009, \$26

When agents of Israel's Mossad intelligence service kidnapped Nazi war criminal Adolf Eichmann off a Buenos Aires street on May 11, 1960, it was the culmination of a painstaking and wide-ranging hunt for one of the senior architects of the Holocaust. The story of that complex hunt is very well told in Neal Bascomb's monumental new history.

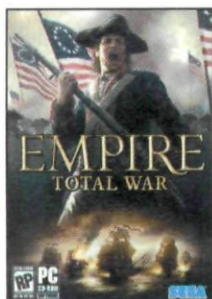
Bascomb's research? Splendid. His writing? Lean and lucid. The details of the mission? First class. While he fully chronicles Eichmann's wartime atrocities, his escape from Germany and his flight to Argentina, what will truly grip readers is Bascomb's ability to get inside the heads and souls of Eichmann's captors.

Theirs was not an easy task. Living under the name Ricardo Klement in Juan Peron's Argentina, Eichmann was then a little-known figure despite his key role in Hitler's "Final Solution to the Jewish Question." Indeed, so rare were pictures of Eichmann that an Israeli agent had to seduce one of the Nazi's former mistresses to obtain her only image of him.

Bascomb expertly unravels the often convoluted tale of how Eichmann was



GAMES



Empire: Total War,
by Sega, 2009,
\$49.99 (\$69.99
collector's edition)

Set in the era of 18th century colonialism, *Empire* is the latest and most ambitious entry in the *Total War* series, which previously focused on close-quarters melee and ranged archer combat. The addition of gunpowder units enables players to employ a wealth of new strategies and tactics. Like previous games, the campaign is turn-based, and land battles unfold in real time. But this version also includes real-time naval battles.

Blending combat, politics, diplomacy, espionage and economics, *Empire* fields roughly 50 factions. Victory depends on achieving specific conditions, such as successful colonization, lucrative trade or geographical dominance.

Our only criticism is that perhaps the game is a bit ambitious in scale. Further, the naval combat, although a welcome addition and reasonably modeled after actual tactics, is a bit lacking. Aside from that slight overreaching, *Empire* is among the very best warfare strategy games published in recent memory.

—Ryan Burke

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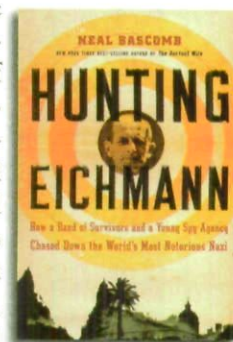
finally brought to justice: How death camp survivors like Simon Wiesenthal and Tuvia Friedman began to piece together a profile of the war criminal, who together with Auschwitz doctor Josef Mengele soon became the most-wanted Nazi fugitives. Rumors of their whereabouts abounded, and it took 15 years for the young state of Israel to learn where Eichmann was hiding.

A German lawyer, Fritz Bauer, whose source remains a state secret in Germany, convinced Mossad chief Isser Harel that Eichmann was living in Argentina. Mossad had previously investigated and dismissed a tip about Klement, but they sent another agent, Holocaust survivor Zvi Aharoni, to Argentina to investigate.

When Aharoni brought back photos (taken by a camera secreted in a briefcase) of Eichmann, Harel sought the government's permission to assemble a team of agents who could capture Eichmann and bring him to Israel to face trial. That team ultimately consisted largely of Holocaust survivors like Aharoni, men and women whose own families had been among Eichmann's victims. And their mission was not to kill the Nazi, but to capture him, interrogate him and get him to Jerusalem unharmed.

If this book were just the tale of a war criminal's capture, it would be thrilling enough. But Bascomb goes beyond thrills and brings us a psychological portrait of a genocidal criminal and of the determined hunters who brought him to justice.

—Peter Moreira



Blood and Rage: A Cultural History of Terrorism, by Michael Burleigh, HarperCollins Publishers, New York, 2009, \$29.99

The details of the grisly detritus left

since the mid-19th century by terrorists in pursuit of extremist political and religious goals described so comprehensively in Michael Burleigh's brilliant cultural history of terrorism, *Blood and Rage*, on first read make it difficult to eagerly accept his sensible conclusion that eradicating Islamic terrorism, the current leading world scourge, demands a broad-based campaign of reforming captured terrorists, strategically communicating to the wider Islamic world the benefits of Western ideals of freedom and discreet assistance on poverty eradication—all in tandem with careful police and anti-terrorism work—and that all this is more effective and preferable to simply finding and killing terrorists.

It's not that Burleigh fails to convince us of the need for a more collaborative approach to countering the worldwide Islamic insurgency that the "flourishing of Western modernity" triggered in Egypt in the 1920s. On the contrary, the author credits the holistic approach for the absence of major terrorist incidents in Indonesia since 2005 and the improving security situation in still-repressive Iraq. He also notes that repression alone can contain terrorist violence in the short term, but that such efforts can also devolve into civil rights abuses and torture.

But in the process of telling his tale, which focuses on terrorists themselves rather than on their ideologies, the eminent British historian spends many of the first 479 pages of his finely researched book focused on one senseless killing after another. Burleigh shows rather than tells, and the results are both compelling and stomach-churning. The impulse to vicariously trade an eye for an eye is therefore nearly impossible for any law-abiding person to avoid.

Burleigh often helps satisfy that impulse, however, with suitably sardonic observations on the often illogical or sophomoric rationales espoused by

terrorists, particularly those he disdains as "armchair revolutionaries."

"The poet Laurent Tailhade shocked a literary supper when he exclaimed, 'What do the victims matter, as long as the gesture is beautiful?'—a view he probably revised when a random anarchist bomb took out one of his eyes in a restaurant," Burleigh writes of 1890s France.

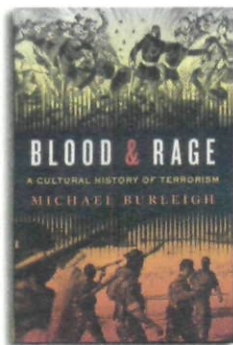
And while the author advocates reaching out to the "convertible," he rejects the utility of doing so with the most incorrigible terrorists, writing, "The idea that it is 'always good to talk' has become folkloric in some circles, with the credulous imagining that dialogue is possible with al Qaeda."

Whether writing about terrorists in the United Kingdom, Italy, Algeria, Spain, South Africa or Ireland, Burleigh makes clear that their methods of operation, their often disparate organizations and their means of achieving their strategic aims have changed very little over the past 150 years.

"Dynamite terrorism was the tactic of the weak in an otherwise impossible conflict," Burleigh writes of 19th century Fenian extremists, whose indiscriminant bomb attacks were not aimed at high-profile targets but designed "to spread fear and panic." The 1881 suicide bomb attack on Tsar Alexander II presaged attacks by bomb vest-wearing insurgents during the ongoing NATO campaigns in Iraq and Afghanistan.

This is not history for novices. Burleigh's rich and well-paced manuscript assumes the reader has some familiarity with the Irish "Troubles," Russian nihilism and other terrorist movements; readers lacking same may sometimes find themselves scrambling for an outside reference. Ultimately, *Blood and Rage* deftly brings history alive, raises our understanding of terrorism in the process and is well worth the effort.

—William H. McMichael



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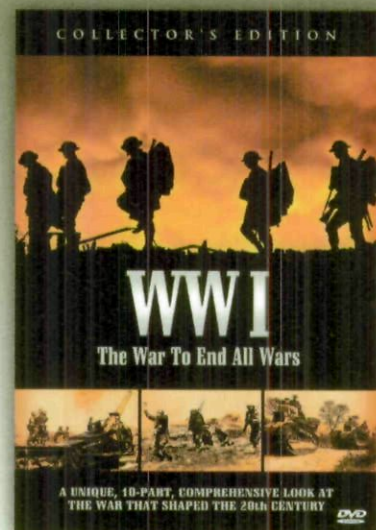
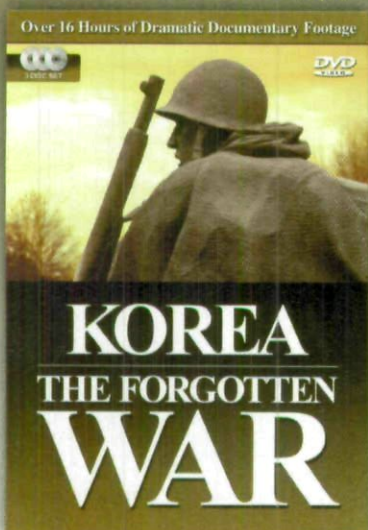
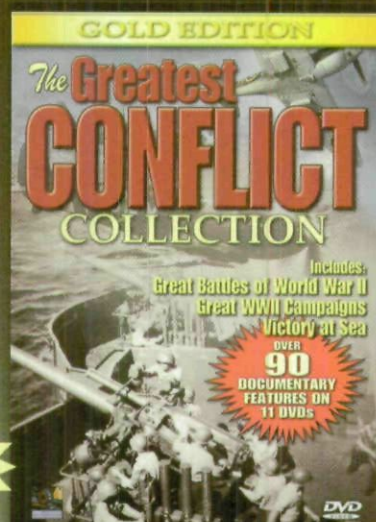
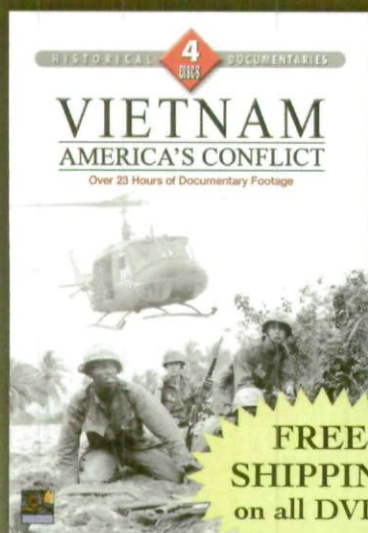
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EVENT

World War I Dawn Patrol

Sept. 25–27, 2009

National Museum of the U.S. Air Force

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www.nationalmuseum.af.mil

History's opening struggle for aerial supremacy during World War I may have lacked the adrenaline rush of, say, breaking the sound barrier, but even 110 mph may seem that fast from the open cockpit of a biplane. Anyone seeking a sense of the era should attend the Dawn Patrol Rendezvous. Presented by the National Museum of the U.S. Air Force and the Great War Aeroplanes Association, the three-day annual event features vintage original and reproduction aircraft, as well as period automobiles, re-enactors, radio-controlled models and a collectors' show.

To put this aerial legacy in context, visit the museum itself, which showcases a variety of historic planes, from the force's birth in 1908 as part of the U.S. Army Signal Corps through its later incarnations



Among the planes that may take to the air is this replica Nieuport 11 single-seat biplane.

as the Army Air Service, Army Air Corps, Army Air Forces and finally, in 1947, the U.S. Air Force. A comparison of the museum's collection to the Dawn Patrol planes demonstrates just how far American aeronautics have since progressed and, indeed, surpassed those of other nations.

—Jon Guttman

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Hallowed Ground

Cowpens, South Carolina

By Michael Stephenson

If the Revolutionary War is one of history's luminous examples of the humbling of overweening power, then the Battle of Cowpens, which unfolded on cattle pastures beside South Carolina's Broad River on Jan. 17, 1781, was among that war's most satisfying clashes. It was not just a great military victory for the Patriot cause, one with deep resonance for the outcome of the whole war, it also seemed a microcosm of the larger narrative: A good and simple man, backed into a corner by a swaggering bully, turns and coolly gives the thug "a devil of a whipping."

Maj. Gen. Nathanael Greene, newly appointed commander of the American army in the South, had sent his most trusted subordinate, Brig. Gen. Daniel Morgan, with the cream of the army, into South Carolina to harry the left flank of the British under Maj. Gen. Lord Charles Cornwallis. To neutralize the threat, Cornwallis dispatched firebrand Lt. Col. Banastre Tarleton, a hard-driving, hard-drinking, ambitious cavalryman whose savagery ("I have cut a hundred and seventy officers and men to pieces" he crowed after his victory at Waxhaws the previous May) had earned him both fear and loathing among the Patriots.

Morgan would have been mindful of Greene's mission directive to act "with caution and avoiding surprises." But with Tarleton moving at furious speed toward him, the Patriot commander found himself in a tactical dilemma. The Broad River lay before

him, and his first instinct was to cross it and find sanctuary in the folds of Thicketty Mountain. To be caught in the act, however, would have been disastrous. And Tarleton was close—far too close. So Morgan accepted the inevitable and sought to find "a Strong piece of Ground & there decide

the Matter, but as matters were Circumstanced, no time was to be lost." Years later the old general would put a somewhat different spin on what had been a matter more of necessity than volition: "As to retreat, it was the very thing I wish to cut off all hope of.... Had I crossed the river, one half of the militia would immediately have abandoned me."

Morgan, a man of no formal military training, was a natural tactician. He chose his ground brilliantly to maximize the strengths and offset the weaknesses of his force. At the head of rising ground he placed



Daniel Morgan, Nathanael Greene's most trusted subordinate, leads his troops in a rout of the British 7th Regiment of Foot.

DON TROIANI/WWW.HISTORICALIMAGEBANK.COM



© WILLIAM A. BAKE/CORBIS

his strong right arm, mainly Virginia, Maryland and Delaware Continentals—superb infantry that had been tempered in battle—and about 200 Virginia militiamen under the capable Lt. Col. John Eager Howard. Behind them Morgan parked about 120 cavalry, a mixed bag of Continental and militia, under Lt. Col. William Washington. The rest of the militia, which Morgan knew to be a little shaky, he lined up in front of Howard. He understood these militiamen and fitted their task to their capabilities, asking them to give him two volleys before retiring. A skirmish line completed the disposition, which comprised a superbly constructed collapsible defensive box, designed to absorb what Morgan knew would be Tarleton's headlong charge.

Today Cowpens National Battlefield [www.nps.gov/cowp] occupies 845 acres in the Piedmont foothills, about 10 minutes west of busy I-85 near the North Carolina border. The visitor center offers a good overview of the conflict and its participants, but for a tangible sense of the battle, stroll amid the open woods and onetime pastureland along historic Green River Road, which served as the centerline of the fighting.

When Tarleton saw the grazing grounds, he fancied his chances and immediately threw 50 dragoons against the Patriot skirmish line—15 horses returned riderless. Without waiting for his force to fully deploy, he then committed the

The National Park Service's 845-acre Cowpens National Battlefield is in Gaffney, S.C., just south of the North Carolina border. A fiber-optic map within the visitor center museum illustrates Morgan's winning tactics.

British Legion and 7th Foot to a frontal attack. The Patriot militia, doing what had been asked of it, delivered its volleys and withdrew. Tarleton sent dragoons on his right to exploit the retreat and called on the seasoned Highlanders of the 71st Foot to hit the American left.

A misheard command in the Patriot line resulted in a general retrograde movement, and the Highlanders, sensing a rout, rushed forward, thinking, as a Continental soldier remembered, "that We Were broke [and] set up a great Shout and Charged us With their bayonets but in no Order." But the Continentals were not "broke," and Howard's men, loading as they retired, suddenly swung about and gave their pursuers a devastating volley at 15 yards: "It seemed like one sheet of flame from left to right," recalled another Patriot. "Oh! It was beautiful ...the most beautiful line I ever saw."

The demoralized British and Tory infantry absorbed still more punishment on their left by regrouped militia and on their right by Washington's dragoons, who had already demolished their British counterparts. Tarleton, after a forlorn attempt to rally his smashed command, was forced to quit the field with humiliating haste. The Patriots had achieved a complete and perfect victory—so comprehensive, in fact, it would cripple Cornwallis' subsequent efforts and drive him to Yorktown. The late affair," he would say, "has almost broke my heart." **MH**

War Games



Fields of Glory

Certain battle sites resonate in military history. Match each of these hallowed grounds to its modern-day surroundings:

- ___ A. Ridgetop with towering Canadian monument
- ___ B. Small fort overlooking Hudson River
- ___ C. Georgian height with batteries and breastworks
- ___ D. Town surrounded by at least four battlefields
- ___ E. Ensconced in busy downtown San Antonio
- ___ F. Wooded site of two battles fought a year apart
- ___ G. Hilltop site under excavation east of Rhine
- ___ H. Pass commemorated by a statue and poem
- ___ I. Tunnels preserved as war museum
- ___ J. Siege site accessed by ramp that ended it

1. Thermopylae
2. The Alamo
3. Cu Chi
4. Masada
5. Stony Point
6. Vimy
7. Kennesaw Mountain
8. The Wilderness
9. Stirling
10. Teutoburg Forest

Answers in order: 6, 5, 7, 9, 2, 8, 10, 1, 3, 4

Wanna Play Catch?

Since man first hurled a stone, throwing has remained a popular offense. Can you identify these classic throwing weapons?



- ___ A. Viking throwing spear
- ___ B. Frankish *francisca*
- ___ C. Roman *pilum*
- ___ D. Aztec dart and atlatl
- ___ E. African *hunga munga*
- ___ F. Celtic javelin
- ___ G. Polish *czekan*
- ___ H. Sikh *chakram*
- ___ I. Aboriginal war boomerang
- ___ J. Japanese *shuriken*

Answers in order: 2, 9, 3, 7, 4, 8, 5, 1, 10, 6



That's Italian!

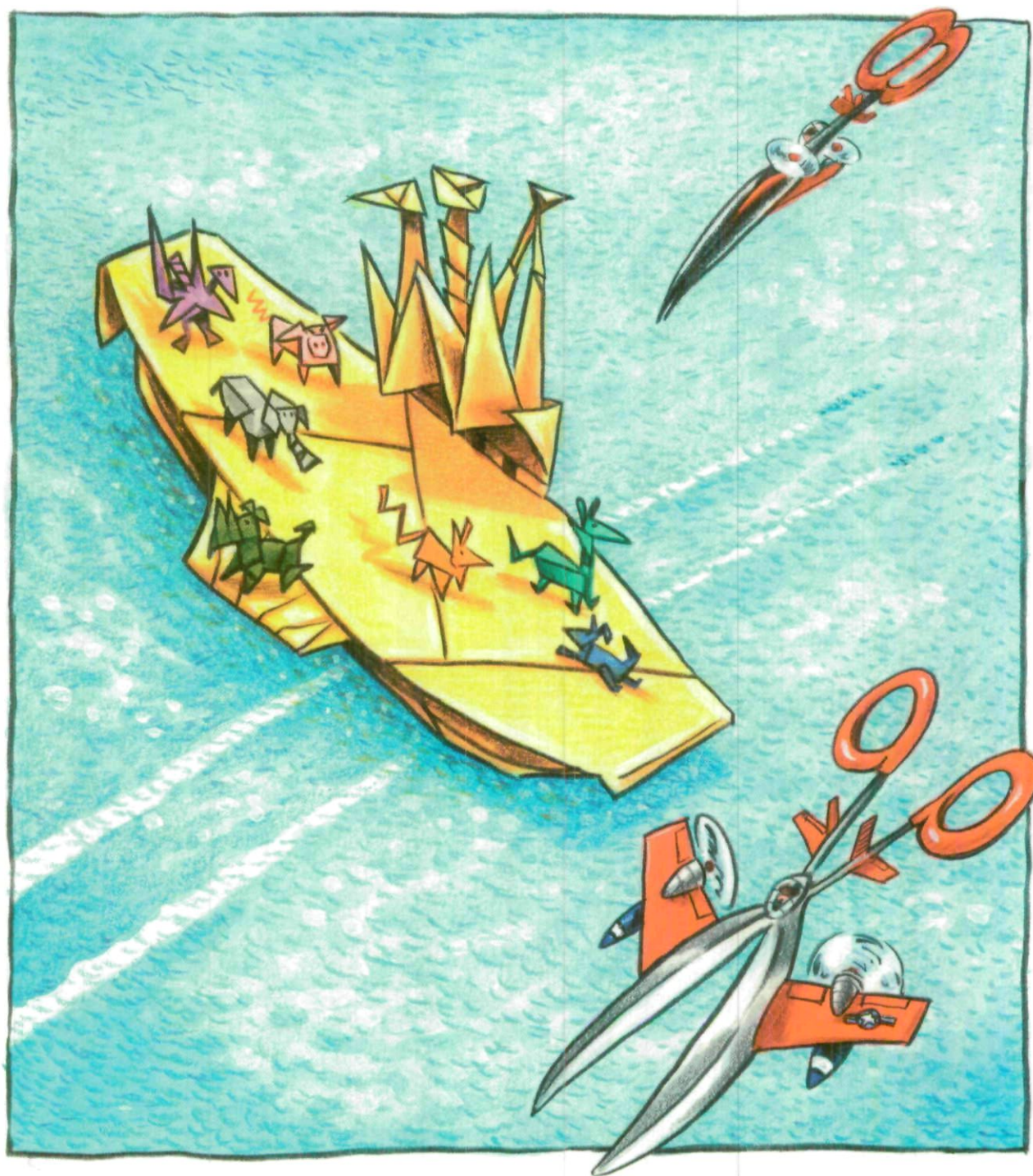
Italy has both fielded and hosted some of history's toughest wars and warriors. Do you *capiche*, or will you get the boot?

1. Which German World War II general held the *Pour le Mérite* for his World War I exploits in Italy?
 - A. Heinz Guderian
 - B. Erwin Rommel
 - C. Günther von Kluge
 - D. Albert Kesselring
2. The only Sopwith Camel pilot to receive the Victoria Cross fought over Italy. Who was he?
 - A. Alan Jerrard
 - B. James T.B. McCudden
 - C. Gilbert Insall
 - D. William G. Barker
3. The first American aviator to receive the Medal of Honor earned it in Italy. Who was he?
 - A. Frank Luke
 - B. Willis B. Haviland
 - C. Charles H. Hammann
 - D. Harold Goettler
4. Which Italian torpedo boat captain was credited with sinking two battleships in World War I?
 - A. Silvio Scaroni
 - B. Luigi Rizzo
 - C. Luigi Cadorna
 - D. Paolo Thaon di Revel

Answers in order: B, A, C, B

LEFT TO RIGHT: ALAMO PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN FENN/123RF; SPEAR ILLUSTRATIONS BY TED WILLIAMS; ITALIAN MILITARY STAMP © MARISA ALLEGRA WILLIAMS/ISTOCKPHOTO

Weapons we're glad they never built



Origami-Class Aircraft Carrier

By Rick Meyerowitz

In 1945, with most of its fleet sunk or crippled and raw materials in short supply, the Imperial Japanese Navy commissioned three *Origami*-class aircraft carriers, to be built in secret in the remote Kuril Islands. To construct *Origami*, the lead carrier of the class, ship designers spent two months folding a sheet of paper larger than Okinawa. They displayed a puckish sense of humor, outfitting the ship with origami elephants,

cranes, pigs and other animals instead of planes. As *Origami* floated atop the water, incoming enemy torpedoes would pass harmlessly beneath it.

In any case, Fleet Admiral Soemu Toyoda lit a cigarette while inspecting the ship, and the carrier went up in smoke. This was a double shame, as the U.S. Army Air Forces had just fielded a new fighter, the S-22 Stratosnipper. Alas, lacking a foe, the plane lost its funding. **MH**